

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1027.—6 February, 1864.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Joshua Leavitt. Sinclair Tousey: New York.
SECESSION IN SWITZERLAND AND IN THE UNITED STATES COMPARED. By I. Watts De Peyster. Catskill Journal.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH.

I WALK as one who knows that he is treading
A stranger soil ;
As one round whom the world is spreading
Its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday delivered
From a sharp chain :
Who trembles lest the bonds so newly severed
Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing
Ungeneral air ;
For whom, as wiles, the tempter still is wreathe-
ing
The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger,
For sin is near ;
But, looking up, I pass along, a stranger,
In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me down-
ward ;
Its spell is gone.
My course is now right upward and right on-
ward,
To yonder throne.

Hour after hour of Time's dark night is stealing
In gloom away ;
Speed thy fair dawn of life and joy and healing,
Thou Star of Day.

For Thee, its God, its King, the long-rejected,
Earth groans and cries ;
For Thee, the long-beloved, the long-expected,
Thy Bride still sighs,

H. BONAR.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF GEN. PHILIP KEARNEY.

CLOSE his eyes ; his work is done !
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?
Lay him low, lay him low,
'In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor ;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley !
What to him are all our wars ?
What but death bemocking folly ?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

Leave him to God's watching eye ;
Trust him to the hand that made him.

Mortal love weeps idly by ;

God alone has power to aid him.

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

THE ALPINE HORN.

WHEN varying hues of parting day
O'er evening's portals faintly play,
The Alpine Horn calls far away,
Praised be the Lord.

And every hill and rock around,
As though they loved the grateful sound,
Sent back, 'mid solitudes profound,
Praised be the Lord.

Just Heaven ! has man so thankless grown,
He brings no anthems to thy throne,
When voiceless things have found a tone
To praise the Lord ?

Ah, no, for see the shepherds come,
Though hardly heard the welcome home,
From toil of day, they quickly come
To worship God.

The book that taught their hearts to bow,
And childhood's laugh and sunny brow,
All, all by them forgotten now,
In praise to God.

Kneeling the starry vaults beneath,
With spirits free as air they breathe,
Oh, pure should be their votive wreath,
Of praise to God.

How lovely such a scene must be,
When prayer and praise ascend to thee
In one glad voice of melody,
Eternal Lord.

All space thy temple, and the air
A viewless messenger to bear
Creation's universal prayer
On wings to heaven.

Oh, that for me some Alpine Horn,
Both closing eve and waking morn,
Would sound and bid my bosom scorn
The world's vain joys

Its treasured idols all resign,
That, when life's cheating hues decline,
The one undying thought be mine
To praise the Lord.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
“MY BEAUTIFUL LADY.”

THIS is the quaint title—and there is much in a title—of a volume of poetry, nay, we may conscientiously say a poem, which, even if less noteworthy in itself, would have been remarkable for the circumstances of its production. It is not one of the innumerable “lays,” “verses,” “lyrics”—the weak, crude efforts of some young scribbler thirsting for reputation, but the one work, the concentrated, deliberate labor of love, given, as the fruit of many years, by a man whose life-labor in another art has earned for him a reputation high enough to make poetical renown of very secondary value. Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, has no need of the fame of a poet. And though when he leaves the chisel for the pen, he must necessarily be judged among pen-laborers, just as severely and accurately as if his marble-poems had never existed,—still it is curious to trace in this additional instance a confirmation of the fact, that genius has but one common root, and that its development into one of the three branches of the sister arts is often a mere accident. We could name many living men of mark, or whom chance alone appears to have decided whether they should be poets, artists, or musicians. And we need not go so far back as Da Vinci or Michael Angelo to find some who have excelled in all the various subdivisions into which branches that strange gift which we call the creative faculty; who have been at once painters, sculptors, engravers, architects, musicians, poets. Though, except in rarest instances, this is a fatal excellence. A man is far safer in having one single settled purpose in his life, unto which all his study, observation, and experience ought to tend. It is highly to Mr. Woolner's credit—and doubtless to the great benefit of his fame as a sculptor—that, with all this facility of versification, and the intense delight which all who read his book must be convinced the author took therein, he has allowed himself to be, rumor says, from ten to fifteen years, in perfecting, unpublished, “My Beautiful Lady.”

And he has his reward. Seldom does a critic rest with such complete satisfaction on a book, which, whatever level of literary merit it may attain, cannot but be regarded as being, of its kind, a pure work of art, careful, conscientious, complete: in which

nothing is done slovenly, or erratically, or hasty. Earnest, too,—and though strictly impersonal in its character,—yet retaining the vivid impression of the author's individuality, that is, his individuality transfused through his imagination, so as to be able to generalize, concentrate, and elevate accidental fact into universal poetic truth. In plain words, no one would ever suspect Mr. Woolner of being the hero of his own poem, yet by the power which genius alone possesses, he has been able so thoroughly to identify himself with his conception, that every one who reads his pathetic story of “love which never found its earthly close,” will feel at once that it is in one sense absolutely true; that sublimation of literal fact, out of which the poet creates a universal verity.

This fervent and touching realism lifts the book in some degree out of the level of ordinary criticism. Reviewers, trained and eager to dart with “flaw-seeking eyes, like needle-points,” upon faulty expressions, fancied plagiarisms, tumid commonplaces, might no doubt discover such in this volume; but the mere reader, who reads for his own delight, will be carried along, heart-warm, by the mere impetus of that delight, nor pause to criticise till he has ceased to feel.

Strongly emotional—yet with both passion and fancy made subordinate to its ethical purpose, the book stands out distinctly among all poems of late years, as the deification of Love. Love, regarded neither as the “Venus Victrix” of the ancients, nor treated with the sentimental chivalry of mediæval times—or the fantastic, frivolous homage of a later age, under which lay often concealed the lowest form of the passion which can degrade manhood or insult womanhood: but love the consoler, the refiner, the purifier, the stimulator to all that is high and lovely and of good report. Love, not spread abroad among many objects—the “episode in man's life,” as Byron terms it—(alas! he spoke but as he knew)—or the dream of mere fancy, like Shelly's:—

“In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of this idol of my thought;”

but love, strong, human, undivided, and from its very singleness the more passionately pure;—the devotion of the individual man to the individual woman, who is to him

the essence of all womanhood, the satisfaction of all his being's need; from whom he learns everything, and to whom he teaches everything of that secret which is the life-blood of the universe, since it flows from the heart of God himself—the Love Divine.

This doctrine, the Christian doctrine of love, is, even in our Christian times, so dimly known and believed in, that we hail thankfully one more poet, one more man, who has the strength to believe in it, and the courage to declare it. For, God knows, it is the only human gospel which in this fast corrupting age will have power to save men and elevate women. Coventry Patmore preached it in his “Angel in the House,” which with all its quaintnesses and peculiarities, stands alone as the song of songs, wherein is glorified the pure passion, which, if it is to be found anywhere in the world, is to be found at our English firesides—conjugal love. And though “My Beautiful Lady” attains not that height—fate forbidding that the love of betrothal should ever become the perfect love of marriage—still it breathes throughout the same spirit. Such books as these are the best barrier against that flood of foulness which seems creeping in upon us, borne in, wave after wave, up to our English doors by the tide of foreign literature; French novels, with their tinsel cleverness, overspreading a mass of inner corruption; and German romances, confusing the two plain lines of right or wrong with their sophistical intellectualities and sentimental affinities: or, worse than either, being a cowardly compromise between the two, that large and daily increasing section of our own popular writing, which is called by the mild term, “sensational.”

“My Beautiful Lady” is, of course, a love poem; divided into sections—call them cantos—of varied style and rhythm, after the manner of “Maud.” Nay, there are many critics who will aver that had “Maud” never been written neither would Mr. Woolner's poem. But besides the fact, that the latter was planned and partly executed before the former appeared—the differences are great enough to prevent all suspicion of plagiarism beyond a certain occasional Tennysonian ring, which pervades most of our modern verses, marking the involuntary influence of the master-poet on all the poetry of our age. It is the history of a holy, happy, mutual

love—crowned, not by fruition, but loss: yet still complete: For death, at first the ruthless divider, afterwards only perfects, into the perfectness of a noble, resigned, useful and not unhappy life this passion of the soul—which had it been a merely human passion,

“Would at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn—and expire.”

The story is simplicity itself: there being no characters except the two—hero and heroine: no incidents save those of love and death. Few descriptions,—even the portrait of “My Lady” is projected, or rather reflected, less by her own corporeal identity than by the mental influence which she exercises over the imagination of her lover. Not many poets, who, while they pretend to

“—despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes,”

yet prize of them incessantly as the best realities of love, have drawn with such purely spiritual and yet vivid touches a more life-like portrait than this,—

“I love my lady, she is very fair,
Her brow is wan, and bound by simple hair;
Her spirit sits aloof and high,
But glances from her tender eye
In sweetness droopingly.

“As a young forest while the wind drives
through,
My life is stirred when she breaks on my view;
Her beauty grants my will no choice
But silent awe, till she rejoice
My longing with her voice.

“Her warbling voice, though ever low and mild,
Oft makes me feel as strong wine would a child;
And though her hand be very light
Of touch, it moves me with its might,
As would a sudden fright.

“A hawk, high poised in air, whose nerved
wing-tips
Tremble with might suppressed, before he dips,
In vigilance, scarce more intense
Than I, when her voice holds my sense
Contented in suspense.

“Her mention of a thing, august or poor,
Makes it far nobler than it was before;
As where the sun strikes life will gush,
And what is pale receives a flush,
Rich hues, a richer blush.”

Such a woman, we feel, was worthy of the following poem, or rather psalm, of lover-like rapture over the love won:—

“DAWN.

“O lily, with the sun of heaven's
Prime splendor on thy breast,

My scattered passions toward thee run,
Poising to awful rest.

“ The darkness of our universe
Smothered my soul in night :
Thy glory shone ; whereat the curse
Passed molten into light.

“ Raised over envy, freed from pain,
Beyond the storms of chance,
Blest king of my own world I reign,
Controlling circumstance.”

“ Noon ” and “ Night ”—two other carols
—rich and rosy with the atmosphere of full
delight and contented love, carry forward the
story through its brief sunshine into the
shadow of the fate which is to come. “ Her
Garden ” gives the first sign :—

“ In walking forth, I felt with vague alarm
Heavier than wont her pressure on my arm,
As through morn’s fragrant air we sought what
harm
That eastern wind’s despite had done the gar-
den’s growth,
Where much lay dead or languished low for
drouth.

“ Her own parterre was bounded by a red
Old buttressed wall of brick, moss-broidered,
Where grew, mid pink and azure plots, a bed
Of shining lilies, intermixed in wondrous light—
She called them ‘ Radiant spirits robed in white.’

“ * * * * *

“ My Lady dovelike to the lily went,
Took in curved palms a cup, and forward leant,
Deep draining to the gold its dreamy scent.
(I see her now, pale beauty, as she bending
stands,
The wind-worn blossom resting in her hands.)

“ Then slowly rising, she in gazing trance
Affrayed, long pored on vacancy. A glance
Of chilly splendor tinged her countenance,
And told the saddened truth that stress of blight-
ing weather
Had made her lilies and My Lady droop to-
gether.”

“ Tolling Bell ” is beautiful, despite some
jarring faults, an exaggeration of diction, and
a didactic lengthiness. Both matter and
style should have been perfectly simple, with
that solemn severity of art which Tennyson
indicates when he says,—

“ In words, like weeds, I’ll wrap me o’er
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is felt in outline and no more.”

The lover has come to see his mistress, who
has recovered from temporary illness, but is
still under the warning shadow which fore-
tells her slow-advancing doom :—

“ I watched in awkward wonder for a time
While there she listless lay and sang my rhyme,
Wrapped up in fabrics of an Indian clime,
And looked a bird of Paradise
Languid from the traversed skies.

“ A dawn-bright snowy peak her smile. Strange I
Should dawdle near her grace admiringly
When love alarmed and challenged sympathy:
Unnerved in chills of creeping fear,
Danger surely threatening near.

“ I shrank from searching the abyss I felt
Yawned by : whose verge voluptuous blossoms
belt
With dazzling hues. She speaks ! I fall and
melt,
One sacred moment drawn to rest,
Deeply weeping on her breast.

* * * * *

“ Our visions met, when pityingly she flung
Her passionate arms about me, kissing clung,
Close kisses, stifling kisses, till each wrung,
With welded mouths, the other’s bliss
Out in one long sighing kiss.

“ Love-flower that burst in kisses and sweet tears,
Scattering its roseate dream-flakes, disappears
In cold truth ; for loud, with brazen jeers,
That bell’s toll, clangring in my brain
Beat me, loath, to earth again.”

Finely painted, with a pencil of awful re-
ality, is the man’s agony of despair, stung
by the woman’s resignation into impious
outrages against Providence, and even bitter
reproaches against herself, until he is calmed
by the angelic calm of the loving spirit al-
ready bound for the

“ desolation, dark, unknown,
Whose limits, stretched from mortal sight,
Touch the happy hills of light.”

The description of his yet unconquerable
anguish, of her soothing, of their peaceful
reading together, of the temporary parting ;
after which, crushed by the sense of what is
coming upon him, he rushes out in the wild
night, wandering wearily, he “ knew not where,” till morning ;—all this it is nearly
impossible to criticise. One’s cool appraise-
ment of the literary value of the poetry sinks
dumb before the pathetic human-ness of
the subject. We follow the story through
three more portions—“ Will-o’-the-Wisp,”
“ Given Over,” “ Storm,” to “ My Lady in
Death ;” of which it is the highest tribute
that can be paid to the author to say that its
intense reality almost makes us feel, in read-
ing, as if we had no right to read—or he to
write of such things. It commences thus :—

"All is but colored show. I look
Up through the green hues shed
By leaves above my head,
And feel its inmost worth forsook
My being when she died.
This heart, now hot and dried,
Harts, as the parched course where a brook
Mid flowers was wont to flow,
Because her life is now
No more than stories in a printed book.

"Grass thickens proudly o'er that breast,
Clay cold, and sadly still
My happy face felt thrill.
How much her dear, dear mouth expressed !
And now are closed and set
Lips that my own have met :
Her eyelids by the damp earth pressed,
Damp earth weighs on her eyes,
Damp earth shuts out the skies.
My Lady rests her heavy, heavy rest.

"To see her high perfection sweep
The favored earth, as she
With welcoming palms met me !
How can I but recall and weep ?
Her hands' light charm was such
Care vanished at their touch.
Her feet spared little things that creep ;
'For stars are not,' she'd say,
'More wonderful than they.'

And now she sleeps her heavy, heavy sleep."

His fancy then recalls two scenes—one, than which few poets have written a sweeter, of the lovers sitting together, in the hush of a summer wood, fondly anticipating their near-at-hand marriage-day;—the other, the day of death, while "My Lady's" soul departs—

"Oblivion struck me like a mace,
And as a tree that's hewn
I dropped in a dead swoon,
And lay a long time cold upon my face.

"Earth had one quarter turned before
My miserable fate
Pressed down with its whole weight.
My sense came back, and, shivering o'er,
I felt a pain to bear
The sun's keen, cruel glare,—
Which shone not warm as heretofore,—
And never more its rays
Will satisfy my gaze.
No more, no more ; oh, never any more."

After this comes to the lover the death-in-life, the mortal torpor of loss, followed by that desperate craving for some token of love beyond the grave, out of whose awful silence proceeds no answer, until at last the voice of Divine Mercy, speaking through a vision, conjured up in the night-time beside "My Lady's" moonlit grave, convinces the bereaved heart through the strength of its own love, of the immortality of that for which it

mourns and craves. The lover is thereby taught the lesson of reproof and submission, that, softened by the chastisement of pain, he may stretch out in the higher life where Love is sublimed into Duty, and Hope loses itself in faith—"the evidence of things not seen."

A subject so noble would raise even the plainest prose to a certain level of poetry—while the highest poetry would scarcely be commensurate with the grandeur of the theme. When we say that in "My Lady's Voice from Heaven" Mr. Woolner has failed in making his execution equal to his conception, it is only saying that he failed where almost any poet, save a Dante or a Milton, would have failed. Nevertheless, the moral beauty of the whole, and the artistic beauty of the fragments, compensate for a degree of disappointment which the reader feels in what should have been the climax of the poem. Something of this may be owing to the stiff, short lit of the rhythm, and to a certain aroma, so to speak, which reminds one of the "Poet's Vow" of Mrs. Browning. Yet it has exquisite passages. Witness this, when the lover is sitting by the midnight tomb :—

"—A wind came, blown o'er distant sheaves,
That, hissing, tore and lashed the leaves,
And lashed the undergrowth.
"It roared and howled, it raged about
With some determined aim ;
And storming up the night, brought out
The moon, that, like a happy shout,
Called forth My Lady's name,
"In sudden splendor on the stone ;
Then, for an instant, I
Snatched and heaped up my past, bestrown
With hopes and kisses, struggling moan,
And pangs : as suddenly,
"Oppressed with overwhelming weight
Down fell the edifice ;
When touched as by the hand of Fate
My gloom was gone. I felt my state
So light, I sobbed for bliss."

Part III. of "My Beautiful Lady" consists of two blank-verse poems, "Years After" and "Work." The first, supposed to be written ten years subsequent to "My Lady's" death, contains tender memory-pictures of her home, her parents, her own childhood and maidenhood, her sweet household words and ways. It seems as if grief—as grief often will do—had gone backward with a desperate leap over the chasm of despair into the pleasant fields of fond remembrance,

where love in fancy could still walk hand in hand with the lost beloved, and feel no more anything of the past, except love. And in the last poem, "Work," shines out the final sanctification of all this anguish—the wisdom won out of sorrow, the large patience and universal loving-kindness taught by the bitterness of personal pain. Duty, endurance, faith—all these hidden seeds of eternal life which never sprang up in the human heart till the rough ploughshare of affliction has passed over it—arise in the heart of this man, to make green and lovely the existence that was once so black and bare.

Amidst much to the same purport towards the close, he speaks as follows:—

"I, craving gracious aid of Heaven, straightway
Began the work which shall be mine till death.
And if 'tis granted that I may disroot
Some evil deeds, or plant a seed which time
Shall nourish to a tree of pleasant shade,
To wearied limbs a boon, and fair to view—
I then shall know the hand that struck me down
Has been my guide unto the paths of truth.
And she, my lost adored one, where is she?
Where has she been throughout these dragging
years
Of labor!"

She has been my light of life!
The lustrous dawn and radiance of the day
At noon—and she has burned the colors in
To richer depths across the sun at setting;
And my tired lips she closes; then, in dreams,
Descends a shaft of glory barred with stairs,
And leads my spirit up where I behold
My dear ones lost. And thus through sleep,
not death,
Remote from earthly cares and vexing jars,
I taste the stillness of the life to come."

Thus, in that peaceful completeness,—which should be the aim and crown of all true poetry, of all imaginative writing of every sort,—closes "My Beautiful Lady." It is its highest praise. No poet—no author of any kind—has a right to torture the world with his own distempered fancies, useless griefs, unsatisfied doubts, and unrepented sins. We all suffer alike, we that sing and we that are dumb; let none of us add the weight of his own, wantonly, to his brother's burden. The genius which, so far from striving with the clear-eyed power which genius especially possesses,—

"To justify the ways of God to men,"

—by its own wilfulness seeks to involve them in double darkness—has been false to the highest gift which God can bestow. Therefore, above many greater and more perfect poets, do we rate this poet, because, in this sense, he has been true to his divine calling. Being—as all real authors are—a creator, he has created not a monster, but a man; a human shape, complete, pure, noble, and lifelike, as one of his own marble images. Whether he ever writes another book or not, —perhaps, genius itself having its limits of power, and art being long, and life short, he had better not,—it may henceforward be truthfully said of Thomas Woolner, "that he can do two things—he can make a statue, and he can make a poem."

THE Pope has fraternized with Mr. Jefferson Davis. Whether or not he has formally recognized him, it does not appear; but in answering Mr. Davis's letter, he has, at least, given him his full title of "Illustrious and Honorable President." Mr. Davis appears to have written in September to the Pope, to thank his Holiness for a letter to the Archbishop of New Orleans, in which profound grief was expressed for the civil war in America. The Southern President catches at this expression, and declares to the Holy Father that the Southerners only wish "to live in peace under the protection of our own institutions and under our laws, which not only ensure to every one the enjoyment of his temporal rights, but also the free exercise of his religion." This calm ignoring of the negro, as practically *no one*, seems to have pleased the Pope, who hopes, in

reply, "it may please God to make the *other* rulers" of America reflect seriously "how terrible is civil war." There is a grim humor in this declaration on the part of the author of the civil war, the one man who has the chief moral responsibility of it,—that he is as anxious for peace as the successor of St. Peter himself,—if he can get it on *his own terms*. If it has taken-in Pio Nono, it must be owing to the very great similarity in the political position of the two potentates, who are both anxious for slavery (of different kinds), and both of opinion that to give up the right to enslave is to give up the only true value of freedom. It is a bad omen for the South that the Pontiff, himself long alienated from the free Italian people, goes forth first to welcome it into the brotherhood of spiritual oppressors.—*Spectator*, 2 Jan.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MIND AND THE BODY.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

ONCE among other tenants at will upon earth,
Dwelt a Mind of high rank, very proud of his
birth,
With a Body, who, though a good Body enough,
When his feelings were hurt, was inclined to be
rough ;
Now that Mind and that Body, for many a day,
Lived as what we called friends in a cold sort of
way ;
For the very best friends, though the sons of one
mother,
Cool in friendship by seeing too much of each
other.
At length, just as time should have softened their
tether,
And they had not much longer to rub on together,
Many trifles occurred that they differed about,
And engendered the rancor which thus they spoke
out :—
Quoth the Mind to the Body, “ Attend to me, sir ;
At whate'er I propose, must you always demur ?
Rouse up, and look lively—we want something
new—
Just the weather for travel—let's start for Peru.
Ha ! there you sit, languidly, sipping your sago !”

THE BODY.

I'm forced to remind you I've got the lumbago.

THE MIND.

O ye gods, what a wrench ! softly, softly ! lie
still—
I abandon Peru ; take your anodyne pill.
Somewhat eased by the pill and a warm fomenta-
tion,
The Body vouchsafed to the Mind—meditation.
Now the calmness with which sound philosophers
scan ills,
Depends, at such times, very much on hot flan-
nels.
Mused the Mind : “ How can Matter stretch Me
on the rack ?
Why should Mind feel lumbago ? Has Mind got
a back ?
I could write something new on that subject, I
think,—
Would it hurt you, my Body, to give me the
ink ? ”

THE BODY.

At your old tricks again ! Let me rest in my
bed.
Metaphysics indeed ! pleasant nuts for my head.
Ah, beware of yourself ! If its rage you pro-
voke,
That head could demolish the Mind with a stroke.

THE MIND.

Grim thought to have scared Mr. Addison's Cato,
When he sat in his dressing-gown reading his
Plato !

Does Man nurse in his head an electric torpedo,
Whose stroke could have hurled into rubbish the
“ Phædo ” ?

Vile Body ! thou tyrant ! thou worse than a Turk !
If I must be thy slave—then, at least, let me
work,

For in labor we lose the dull sense of our chain ;
But I cannot even think without leave of thy
brain.

Well, well ! since it must be, I tamely submit.
How now do you feel ? less inclined for a fit ?
That is well ! come, cheer up ! though you are a
vile Body,

Let me cherish and comfort you !—Ring for the
toddy.

Then the Body, though not without aid of the
Mind,
Raised himself on his elbow, and gravely re-
joined :—

THE BODY.

O my Mind ! it is well said by Sappho—at least
So she says in Grillparzer *—that you are a beast,
And the worst of all beasts ; other sips she com-
pares

To hyenas and wolves, lions, tigers, and bears ;
But the snake is Ingratitude !—you are ungrate-
ful,

And are thus of all beasts of the field the most
hateful.

Rememberest thou, wretch, with no pang of re-
morse,
How I served thy least whim in the days of my
force ?

When thy thoughts through my ear, touch and
taste, scent and sight,

Wandered forth for the food which they found in
delight ;

When my youth crowned thee king of Hope's
boundless domains,

And thy love warmed to life from the glow of my
veins.

And what my return ? overtired, overborne,
And alike by thy pains and thy pleasures out-
worn,

Thou hast made me one ache from the sole to the
crown ;

Thank thyself, cruel rider, thy steed founders
down !

Now, ere the Mind's answer I duly report,
It becomes me to say that in camp and in court,
In senate and college, this Body and Mind,
Clubbed up in one whole, by one title defined,
Were called “ A Great Man.”

With excusable pride,
The Mind, looking down on the Body replied :—

THE MIND.

View thy pains as the taxes exacted by glory,
What's this passage through life to a passage in
story ?

* “ Die andern Laster, alle
Hyänen, Löwen, Tiger, Wolfe, sind's .
Der Undank ist die Schlange ! ”

—Grillparzer's “ Sappho.”

I have made thee one ache from the sole to the crown,
Be it so !

And the recompense? Priceless : Renown.

THE BODY.

Hang renown ! Horrid thing, more malign to a Body
Than that other strong poison you offered me—
By renown in my teens I was snatched from my cricket,
To be sent to the wars, where I served as a wicket.
And there your first step in renown crippled me,
By the ball you invited to fracture my knee.

THE MIND.

Well, I cannot expect you to sympathize much
With the Mind's noble longings—

THE BODY.

To limp on a crutch ?

THE MIND.

But battles and bullets don't come every day—
You owe me some pleasant things more in your way;
For the joys of the sense are by culture refined,
And the Body's a guest in the feasts of the Mind.
Recall'st thou the banquets vouchsafed thee to share,
When the wine was indeed the Unbinder of Care ;
In which Genius and Wisdom, invited by Mirth,
Laid aside their grand titles as rulers of earth ;
And, contented awhile our familiars to sit,
Genius came but as Humor, and Wisdom as Wit?
Recall'st thou those nights ?

THE BODY.

Well recall them I may !
Yes, the nights might be pleasant ; but then—
their Next Day ;
And, as Humor and Wit should have long since found out,
The Unbinder of Care is the Giver of Gout.
Yet you've injured me less with good wine and good cooks
Than with those horrid banquets you made upon books.
Every hint my poor nerves could convey to you scorning,
Interdicted from sleep till past three in the morning,
While you were devouring the trash of a college,
And my blood was made thin with crude apples of knowledge.
To dry morsels of Kant, undigested, I trace
Through the maze of my ganglions the tic in my face :
And however renowned your new theory on Light is,
Its effect upon me was my chronic gastritis.

Talk of Nature's wise laws, learn from Nature's lawgiver,
That the first law to man is, "Take care of your liver!"

But I have not yet done with your boasted renown,
'Tis the nuisance all Bodies of sense should put down.

Where a Mind is renowned, there a Body's dyspeptic—

Even in youth Julius Cæsar made his epileptic.
The carbuncular red of renowned Cromwell's nose

Explains his bad nights : what a stomach it shows !

Who more famed than they two ? Perhaps great Alexander :

But would I be his body ? I'm not such a gander.

When I think on the numberless pains-and distresses

His small body endured from his great mind's excesses,

All its short life exposed to heat, cold, wounds, and slaughter,

Its march into Ind—not a drop of good water ; Its enlargement of spleen—shown by rages at table,

Till it fell, easy prey, to malaria at Babel ;— Could his mind come to earth, its old pranks to repeat

Once more, as that plague, Alexander the Great, And in want of a body propose to take me, My strength rebestowed and my option left free, I should say, as a body of blood, flesh, and bones, Before I'd be his, I'd be that of John Jones. Enough ! to a mortal no curse like renown !

Here, shifting his flannels, he groaned and sank down.

Now, on hearing the Body complain in this fashion,
The Mind became seized with fraternal compassion ;

And although at that moment he felt very keenly The sting of his pride to be rated so meanly, So much had been said which he felt to be true In a common-sense, bodily, plain point of view, That it seemed not beneath him to meet the complaint

By confessing his sins—in the tone of a saint.

THE MIND.

Yes, I cannot deny that I merit your blame—I have sinned against you in my ardor for fame ; Yet even such sins you would see, my poor Body, In a much milder light had you taken that toddy. But are all of my acts to be traced to one cause ? Have I strained your quick nerves for no end but applause ?

Do not all sages say that the Mind cannot hurt you

If it follow the impulse unerring of virtue ? And how oft, when most lazy, I've urged you to step on,

And attain the pure air of the moral TO PREPON !

Let such thoughts send your blood with more warmth through its channels,
Wrap yourself in my virtues, and spurn those moist flannels !

THE BODY.

Ho ! your virtues ! I thank you for nothing, my Mentor,
I'd as soon wrap my back in the shirt of the Centaur.
What the Mind calls a virtue too oft is a sin,
To be shunned by a Body that values his skin.
Pray, which of your virtues most tickles your vanity ?

THE MIND.

The parent and queen of all virtues—Humanity.

THE BODY.

And of all human virtues I've proved it to be
The vice most inhumanly cruel to me.
Scarcely three weeks ago, when, seduced by fine talk
Of your care for my health, I indulged in a walk,
On a sudden you stop me—a house is in flames ;
It was nothing to me had it burned up the Thames,
But you hear a shrill cry—"Save the child in the attic!"
You forget, thanks to you, that I've long been rheumatic,
And to rescue that brat, who was no child of mine,
Up the Alp of a ladder you hurry my spine.
Thus, as Cassio was stabbed from behind by Iago,
Vile assassin, you plunged in my back—this lumbago.
That was, I believe, your last impulse of virtue !

THE MIND.

In improving myself must I ever then hurt you ?
Must your wheels for their clock-work be rendered unfit,
If made slower by wisdom or quicker by wit ?
Is the test of all valor the risk of your bones,
And the height of philosophy scorn for your groans ?
Must the Mind in its strife give the Body no quarter,
And where one would be saint must the other be martyr ?
Alas, it is true ! and that truth proves, O brother !
That we two were not meant to live long with each other.
But forgive me the past ; what both now want is—quiet :
Henceforth, I'll concentrate my thoughts on your diet ;
And, at least, till the term of companionship ends,
Let us patch up our quarrels and try to be friends.

Then the Body let fall the two words, in men's fate
And men's language the fullest of sorrow—"Too late !"
He paused and shed tears—then resumed : " I can see
Nothing left for myself but revenge upon thee." He spoke—gout, lumbago, and tie rebegun,
Till both Body and Mind fell asleep—A Great Man !
Thus the feud once declared, was renewed unrelenting.
Still the Mind proudly braved the avenger's tormenting ;
And whence'er he could coax from his jailor, the gout,
The loan of two feet to walk stately out,
The crowd's reverent gaze on his limp and his crutch,
And the murmur, " There goes the Great Man," soothed him much.
" Ache, O body !" he said, " from the sole to the crown ;
Ever young with the young blooms the life of renown."
How long this stern struggle continued, who knows ?
'Tis the record of Mind that biography shows ;
Even German professors still leave in dark question
The most critical dates in a Caesar's digestion.
At length a door oped in the valves of the heart,
Through which the Mind looked and resolved to depart.
Bending over the Body, he whispered, " Good-night !"
And then, kissing the lids, stole away with the light.
So at morning the Body lay cold in his bed,
And the news went through London, " The Great Man is dead ! "
Now the Mind—like a young bird, whose wings newly given,
Though they lift it from earth, soar not yet into heaven—
Still hovering around the old places he knew,
Kept this world, like the wrack of a dream, in his view.
But strange to relate—that which most had consoled,
Or rejoiced him to think would remain in his hold
As a part of himself, the Immortal,—renown—
Seemed extinct as the spark when a rocket drops down.
Of senates disputing, of battle-fields gory,
Of story and glory and odes laudatory,
He could not have thought less had he been a John Doree.
Much amazed, he beholds all the pomps they bestow
On that Body so long his most pitiless foe ;
With the plate on the coffin, the wreaths on the bier,
And the scholar explaining in Latin severe,
That he lived for all races, and died to lie Here.
Saith the Mind, " What on earth are those boobies about ?

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That black box but contains my lumbago and gout.

Why such pomps to my vilest tormentor assigned,
And what has that black box to do with this Mind?

Hark! They talk of a statue!—of what? not of me?

Can they think that my likeness in marble can be?

Has the Mind got a nose, and a mouth, and a chin?

Is this Mind the old fright which that Body has been?

Is it civil to make me the marble *imago*
Of the gone incarnation of gout and lumbago?" Thus the Mind. While the Body, as if for pre-

ferment,

Goes in state through the crowd to his place of interment.

Solemn princes and peers head the gorgeous procession.

March the mutes—mourning best, for they mourn by profession;

And so many grand folks, in so many grand carriages,

Were not seen since the last of our royal love-marriages.

A little time more; the black box from men's eyes,

Has sunk under the stone door inscribed “Here he lies!”

And the princes and peers who had borne up the pall—

Undertakers, spectators, dean, chapter, and all—Leave the church safely locked all alone with its

tombs,

And the heir takes the lawyer to lunch in his rooms;

And each lesser great man in the party he'd led, Thinks, “An opening for me, now the Great Man is dead!”

And the chief of the other wrong half of the nation

Sheds a tear o'er the notes of a funeral oration; For the practice of statesmen (and long may it thrive!)

Is to honor their foes—when no longer alive. In short, every Man—save the Man who knows

Town—

Would have said for three days, “This is lasting renown!”

But of lasting renown one so soon becomes weary—The most lasting I know of is that of Dundreary.

Now the Mind having done with our world's men and things,

High o'er all that know death poised the joy of his wings;

Every moment from light gaining strength more and more,
Every moment more filled with the instinct to soar,
Till he sees, through a new sense of glory, his goal,
And is rapt to the gates which Mind enters as Soul.

“ADSUM.”

DECEMBER 23-4, 1863.

“And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar, sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said, ‘Adsum!’ and fell back.”—*The Newcomes*.

I.

THE Angel came by night,
(Such angels still come down!)

And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town;

Along its lonesome streets,
Where Want had ceased to weep,

Until It reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep:

The man of all his time

Who knew the most of men;
The soundest head and heart,

The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed,

And whispered in his ear:
He never turned his head,

But answered, “I am here.”

II.

Into the night they went.
At morning, side by side,

They gained the sacred Place
Where the greatest Dead abide;

Where grand old Homer sits,
In godlike state benign;

Where broods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;

Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;

Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of his race;

Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his;

Where—little seen but Light—
The only Shakspeare is!

When the new Spirit came,
They asked him, drawing near,

“Art thou become like us?”

He answered, “I am here.”

—Round Table

From The Reader.

MR. KIRK'S HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. By John Foster Kirk. Two Volumes. Murray.*

THE most prominent character of the fifteenth century, and perhaps, indeed, of the Middle Ages since Charlemagne, is Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Had not death put an early end to his career, history would probably have immortalized him as the founder of a powerful empire. The attention of posterity has been so attracted to the romantic side of his life that we have not until now possessed a standard history of his eventful reign. Philippe de Commynes, Gachard, Michelet, and many others, have failed to grasp the entire *ensemble* of the life of this hero of his age.

The difficulty of unravelling the accumulation of documentary evidence, and of examining the fruits of critical researches, has become very considerable. Mr. John Foster Kirk has therefore undertaken no easy task in preparing a complete history of Charles the Bold. His rivalry with Louis XI. formed one of the most conspicuous features of his career, requiring much patient investigation on the part of the historian. It was a contest such as writers of romance delight in depicting. At every wily endeavor to seize the reins of power, the French monarch found himself confronted by the mailed figure of his haughty vassal; and, on the other hand, wherever the daring projects of Charles were at work, there was he sure to feel the undermining and counteracting influence of his enemy.

Mr. Kirk opens his narrative with an impressive description of the disastrous results of the murder of the Duke of Orleans by John the Fearless, and of the civil war between the Burgundians and the Armagnacs—or, rather, we may say, the total anarchy which drove the peasantry in despair to seek refuge in the forests, exclaiming that “surely the devil was taking possession of the earth.” Not only were the villages and lands almost depopulated, but the desolation in the towns was even greater. An eye-witness states that, in the summer of 1418, the Armagnacs having been defeated in Paris, “il n'y avait pas de

* Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

rue où il n'y eut des meurtres; les cadavres gisaient en tas dans la boue. Le Dimanche, 29 Mai, seulement, 522 hommes trouvèrent une mort violente dans les rues, sans compter ceux tués dans les maisons.” Famine soon followed war, and both generated pestilence. These dramatic scenes, and the assassination of John the Fearless on the bridge of Montereau, twelve years after the murder of the Duke of Orleans, are powerfully narrated by the author. At length Philip the Good, father of Charles the Bold, made peace with France, and the king, for the restoration of order and discipline, created, for the first time in Europe, a standing army.

In 1433 our hero was born at Dijon, and exhibited, even in infancy, the violence and impetuosity of his temper. He received a princely education, and acquired a much larger share of learning than usually falls to the lot of his equals in rank. We are glad to observe that Mr. Kirk, in this part of his work, takes the opportunity of exposing the deviations from the truth, and even the distortion of historical facts, of which Sir Walter Scott is guilty in his novel of “Quentin Durward,” where he attributes to Charles the Bold precisely those vices from which he was altogether free, and gives a false coloring to the whole period.

Two years after the marriage of Charles the Bold with Isabella of Bourbon, there arrived at the court of Brussels (1456) a fugitive from France, barely seventeen years of age, who was afterwards to be Louis XI. and the bitterest enemy of the Duke of Burgundy, upon whose bounty he now lived for five years. At the death of Charles VII., the duke accompanied the new King of France, with a triumphal procession of three thousand or four thousand men, to Rheims, where Louis was to be crowned. Philip the Good, with his son Charles, and the nobles of the court, appeared in great splendor, preceded and followed by pages, archers, and men-at-arms, all in gorgeous costumes and blazing with jewelry. The coronation, and the festivities that followed, read more like a fairy tale than a page of history; but the author is careful to refer us continually to his authorities. A visit made somewhat later by the King of France to Philip, at his castle of Hesden, affords a very amusing picture of that favorite residence of the Burgundian sovereign.

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"By a stranger who accidentally found himself within its walls it might have been mistaken for the haunt of whimsical and malicious genii. Its principal gallery was a complete museum of *diableries*, being secretly surrounded by ingenious mechanical contrivances for putting into operation the broadest possible jokes. The unsuspecting visitor found himself performing, quite involuntarily, the part of Pantaloons. If he laid his hand upon any article of furniture he was saluted with a shower of spray, besmeared with soot, bepowdered with flour. When a numerous company was assembled, the ceiling, painted and gilded in imitation of the starry sky, would be suddenly overcast; a snow-storm followed, or a torrent of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The water even ascended by fountains through the floor for the especial discomfort of the ladies. The guests, attempting to escape, only plunged into fresh embarrassments. If they sought egress by the door, they had to cross a trap which, being suddenly withdrawn, dropped them into a bath, or into a large sack filled with feathers. If they opened a window, they were blinded with jets of water, and the aperture closed again with a violent noise. Meanwhile they were pursued by masked figures who pelted them with little balls, or labored them with sticks. A full description of these *ouvrages de joyeuseté et plaisir*, as they are termed, have been given by the inventor himself, *Colart le Voleur.*"

In June, 1467, the Duke Philip the Good breathed his last, after having raised the Netherlands to a height of prosperity that was the envy of the world. His remains were deposited in the church of Saint Donatus at Bruges. Thither they were borne at night amid the blaze of sixteen hundred torches. More than a score of prelates officiated at the obsequies. The heralds broke their batons above the bier, and proclaimed in doleful tones that Philip, duke of four duchies, count of seven counties, lord of innumerable lordships, was dead. Then, raising their voices to the loftiest pitch, they cried, "Long live Charles, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, of Limbourg, and of Luxembourg; Count of Flanders, of Artois, of Burgundy, of Hainault, of Holland, of Zealand, and of Namur; Marquis of the Holy Empire, Lord of Friesland," etc., etc. The multitude that thronged the church responded with a jubilant acclaim. Thus, at the age of thirty-three, Charles the Bold came into possession of an inheritance unsurpassed by any prince

in Christendom. This closes the first book of Mr. Kirk's History, replete with details of the highest interest, drawn from sources very little known to English readers.

In the first four chapters of the second book, after having given a long and vivid description of the prosperity of the country, the author rivets the attention by pictures of the court and household of Charles of Burgundy—his mode of government, and the development of his stern and implacable character.

A little more than a year had elapsed since the death of Philip when Charles solemnized his marriage at Bruges with the Princess Margaret of York. She arrived at the Flemish port of Sluys with a fleet of sixteen vessels, commanded by the Lord High Admiral of England. The marriage was celebrated with extraordinary splendor, and the festivities were kept up for more than a week with unabated vivacity. The alliance by marriage with England was ominous to the French king, who made an appeal to the nation, and for the first time in France summoned the representatives of the different classes of his subjects, with the intent of submitting his measures for their deliberation and advice. With the duplicity natural to his character, Louis, while he accepted an interview with the Duke Charles at Peroune, plotted against him at Liège. This so enraged Charles that the king was momentarily kept in captivity, and his fate was in suspense for many days. The duke at last, however, decided upon the measure which was at once the most politic and the least criminal. The famous treaty of Peroune was signed by both parties, and the two princes set out together to crush the rebellion at Liège. The fate of the city was appalling. The inhabitants were massacred without pity—no lives were spared. With the exception of churches and monasteries, the whole town was destroyed by fire, and the ruins levelled with the ground. The chastisement of the rebels of Liège was followed by the punishment of the citizens of Ghent, who had mortally offended the duke on the occasion of his *Joyous entry* into their town.

These severe measures produced a deep impression on the people, and made them look upon the new sovereign as the most powerful and the most redoubtable in Christendom. The reign of Charles the Bold divides itself

naturally into two periods. During the first he is chiefly engaged in attempts to undermine the French monarchy; in the second he is occupied in unceasing endeavors to establish a power which should rival, and even rise superior, to the kingdom of France. The last years of the fifteenth century are universally recognized as teeming with remarkable events—the starting-point, in fact, of modern, in contradistinction to mediæval, history. The struggle which preceded this epoch is vividly reflected in every phase of the ambitious and warlike career of Charles the Bold. His history forms a vantage-ground from which a wider survey can be made of the internal affairs of foreign states than is to be obtained from any other point; and it is chiefly on this account that the present work excites a greater degree of interest than the life of any other sovereign, with the exception, perhaps, of that of Charlemagne.

It was with something of the splendor of this last-named monarch that the Duke of Burgundy made his entry into the venerable city of Trèves, on the 30th September, 1473. He had been promised irrevocably, and for life, the appointment of vicar-general of the whole empire, and also his elevation to the throne on the death of the existing emperor, Frederic.

"The avenue and streets were densely crowded with spectators, curious to behold the far-famed splendors of the Burgundian court, and to scan the features of a prince whose character and actions had produced so deep an impression on the mind of the contemporaries. He rode side by side with the head of the Holy Roman Empire. Over his armor of polished steel he wore a short mantle so thickly sprinkled with diamonds, rubies, and other gems that its cost was estimated at not less than two hundred thousand gold crowns. He carried in his hand a velvet hat, on the front of which blazed a diamond of inestimable price, while his jewelled helmet was borne behind him by a page. His horse, a famous black steed of incomparable strength and beauty, was equipped in warlike harness, but covered with caparisons of violet and gold that descended to the ground. The emperor, arrayed with sufficient magnificence, in a long robe of cloth of gold bordered with pearls, and worn in the Turkish fashion, presented in other respects a striking contrast to his proud and powerful vassel. Age had

somewhat bent his form, but added nothing to the dulness of an eye always expressive of indolence, timidity, and incapacity; of a character, in short, ludicrously ill-adapted to his position at the head of Christendom. The purple, though it concealed his distorted foot,—the result of a disease said to have been contracted by his inveterate and lazy habit of kicking open every door through which he wished to pass,—could not hide his vulgar features, vulgar manners, and slothful intellect. Never, say the describers of this scene, though very familiar with the pomps and pageants of the age, had there ever been witnessed such a blazing of gold, such a sparkling of gems, such a flaunting of damask and velvets of the richest hues and costliest texture, such a prancing of steeds and waving of banners, until the eye was dazzled by the continuous stream of confused magnificence. France and the whole of Western Germany were in a fever of speculation, for they expected that soon Charles would be solemnly crowned at Trèves, and placed at the head of a Burgundian monarchy. Indeed, the diadem, sceptre, and other regalia were no longer mere air-drawn visions, but had taken tangible shapes under the hands of skilful workmen."

Mr. Kirk proceeds to describe in an admirable style, unsurpassed in the best pages of Prescott, how all these bright prospects fell to the ground, and were defeated by the intrigues of Louis XI. and the weakness of the Emperor Frederic.

The league against Burgundy was a masterly stroke, and prepared with great political skill by the King of France. On the 25th October, 1474, the magistrates and people of the communities constituting the great confederacy of Upper Germany, proclaimed themselves the enemies of Charles the Bold. The message was secured to the herald's staff in the usual manner, by being inserted in a split at one extremity. Its concluding words stated that "this declaration was with purpose to execute it whether in attack or defence, in the day or in the night, by slaying, by burning, by plundering, and by all other customary methods, whereof he was required to take notice." With this open defiance Mr. Kirk ends the second volume of his work. We impatiently await the third, which must contain matter of even deeper interest than the foregoing volumes.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XIII.

TONY IN TOWN.

DAY followed day, and Tony Butler heard nothing from the minister. He went down each morning to Downing Street, and interrogated the austere doorkeeper, till at length there grew up between that grim official and himself a state of feeling little short of hatred.

"No letter?" would say Tony.

"Look in the rack," was the answer.

"Is this sort of thing usual?"

"What sort of thing?"

"The getting no reply for a week or eight days?"

"I should say it is very usual with certain people."

"What do you mean by certain people?"

"Well, the people that don't have answers to the letters, nor aint likely to have them."

"Might I ask you another question?" said Tony, lowering his voice, and fixing a very quiet but steady look on the other.

"Yes, if it's a short one."

"It's a very short one. Has no one ever kicked you for your impertinence?"

"Kicked me—kicked me, sir!" cried the other, while his face became purple with passion.

"Yes," resumed Tony, mildly; "for let me mention it to you in confidence, it's the last thing I mean to do before I leave London."

"We'll see about this, sir, at once," cried the porter, who rushed through the inner door, and tore up-stairs like a madman. Tony meanwhile brushed some dust off his coat with a stray clothes-brush near, and was turning to leave the spot, when Skeffington came hurriedly towards him, trying to smother a fit of laughter that would not be repressed.

"What's all this, Butler?" said he. "Here's the whole office in commotion. Willis is up with the chief clerk and old Baynes, telling them that you drew a revolver, and threatened his life, and swore if you hadn't an answer by to-morrow at twelve, you'd blow Sir Harry's brains out."

"It's somewhat exaggerated. I had no revolver, and never had one. I don't intend any violence beyond kicking that fellow, and I'll not do even that if he can manage to be commonly civil."

"The Chief wishes to see this gentleman up-stairs for a moment," said a pale, sickly youth to Skeffington.

"Don't get flurried. Be cool, Butler, and say nothing that can irritate—mind that," whispered Skeffington, and stole away.

Butler was introduced into a spacious room, partly office, partly library, at the fireplace of which stood two men, a short and a shorter. They were wonderfully alike in externals, being each heavy-looking, white-complexioned, serious men, with a sort of dreary severity of aspect, as if the spirit of domination had already begun to weigh down even themselves.

"We have been informed," began the shorter of the two, in a slow, deliberate voice, "that you have grossly outraged one of the inferior officers of this department; and although the case is one which demands and shall have, the attention of the police authorities, we have sent for you—Mr. Brand and I—to express our indignation,—eh, Brand?" added he, in a whisper.

"Certainly, our indignation," chimed in the other.

"And aware, as we are," resumed the Chief, "that you are an applicant for employment under this department, to convey to you the assurance that such conduct as you have been guilty of, totally debars you—excludes you—"

"Yes, excludes you," chimed in Brand.

"From the most remote prospect of an appointment!" said the first, taking up a book, and throwing it down with a slap on the table, as though the more emphatically to confirm his words.

"Who are you, may I ask, who pronounce so finally on my prospects?" cried Tony.

"Who are we? who are we?" said the Chief, in a horror at the query. "Will you tell him, Mr. Brand?"

The other was, however, ringing violently at the bell, and did not hear the question.

"Have you sent to Scotland Yard?" asked he of the servant who came to his summons. "Tell Willis to be ready to accompany the officer, and make his charge."

"The gentleman asks who we are," said Baynes, with a feeble laugh.

"I ask in no sort of disrespect to you," said Butler, "but simply to learn in what capacity I am to regard you. Are you magistrates? Is this a court?"

"No, sir, we are not magistrates," said Brand, "we are Heads of Departments—departments which we shall take care do not include within their limits persons of your habits and pursuits."

"You can know very little about my habits or pursuits. I promised your hall porter I'd kick him, and I don't suspect that either you or your little friend there would risk any interference to protect him."

"My lord!" said a messenger, in a voice of almost tremulous terror, while he flung open both inner and outer door for the great man's approach. The person who entered, with a quick, active step, was an elderly man, white-whiskered and white-haired, but his figure well set up, and his hat rakishly placed a very little on one side; his features were acute, and betokened promptitude and decision, blended with a sort of jocular humor about the mouth, as though even state affairs did not entirely indispose a man to a jest.

"Don't send that bag off to-night, Baynes, till I come down," said he, hurriedly; "and if any telegrams arrive, send them over to the House. What's this policeman doing at the door?—who is refractory?"

"This young man," he paused, for he had almost said gentleman—"has just threatened an old and respectable servant of the office with a personal chastisement, my lord."

"Declared he'd break every bone in his body," chimed in Brand.

"Whose body?" asked his lordship.

"Willis's, my lord—the hall porter—a man, if I mistake not, appointed by your lordship."

"I said, I'd kick him, said Tony, calmly.

"Kick Willis?" said my lord, with a forced gravity, which could not, however, suppress a laughing twinkle of his keen gray eyes—"kick Willis?"

"Yes, my lord; he does not attempt to deny it."

"What's your name, sir?" asked my lord.

"Butler," was the brief reply.

"The son of—not no son—but relative of Sir Omerod's?" asked his lordship again.

"His nephew."

"Why, Sir Harry Elphinstone has asked me for something for you. I don't see what I can do for you. It would be an admirable thing to have some one to kick the porters;

but we haven't thought of such an appointment,—eh, Baynes? Willis, the very first: most impudent dog. We want a messenger for Bucharest, Brand, don't we?"

"No, my lord; you filled it this morning—gave it to Mr. Beed."

"Cancel Beed, then, and appoint Butler."

"Mr. Beed has gone, my lord—started with the Vienna bag."

"Make Butler supernumerary."

"There are four already, my lord."

"I don't care if there were forty, Mr. Brand! Go and pass your examination, young gentleman, and thank Sir Harry Elphinstone, for this nomination is at his request. I am only sorry you didn't kick Willis." And with this parting speech he turned away, and hopped down-stairs to his brougham, with the light step and jaunty air of a man of thirty.

Scarcely was the door closed, when Baynes and Brand retired into a window recess, conversing in lowest whispers, and with much head-shaking. To what a frightful condition the country must come—any country must come—when administered by men of such levity—who make a sport of its interests, and a practical joke of its patronage—was the theme over which they now mourned in common.

"Are you going to make a minute of this appointment, Brand?" asked Baynes. "I declare I'd not do it."

The other pursed up his lips and leaned his head to one side, as though to imply that such a course would be a bold one.

"Will you put his name on your list?"

"I don't know," muttered the other. "I suspect we can do it better. Where have you been educated, Mr. Butler?"

"At home, principally."

"Never at any public school?"

"Never except you call a village school a public one."

Brand's eyes glistened, and Baynes's returned the sparkle.

"Are you a proficient in French?"

"Far from it. I could spell out a fable, or a page of 'Telemachus,' and even that would push me hard."

"Do you write a good hand?"

"It is legible, but it's no beauty."

"And your arithmetic?"

"Pretty much like my French—the less said about it the better."

"I think that will do, Brand," whispered Baynes.

The other nodded, and muttered, "Of course; and it is the best way to do it."

"These are the points, Mr. Butler," he continued, giving him a printed paper, "on which you will have to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners; they are, as you see, not very numerous nor very difficult. A certificate as to general conduct and character—British subject—some knowledge of foreign languages—the first four rules of arithmetic—and that you are able to ride—"

"Thank Heaven, there is one thing I can do, and if you ask the commissioners to take a cast 'cross country, I'll promise them a breather!"

Tony never noticed, nor, had he noticed, had he cared for the grave austerity of the heads of departments at this outburst of enthusiasm. He was too full of his own happiness, and too eager to share it with his mother.

As he gained the street, Skeffington passed his arm through his, and walked along with him, offering him his cordial gratulations, and giving him many wise and prudent counsels, though unfortunately, from the state of ignorance of Tony's mind, these latter were lamentably unprofitable. It was of "the Office" that he warned him—of its tempers, its caprices, its rancors, and its jealousies, till, lost in the maze of his confusion, poor Tony began to regard it as a beast of ill-omened and savage passions—a great monster, in fact, who lived on the bones and flesh of ardent and high-hearted youths, drying up the springs of their existence, and exhausting their brains out of mere malevolence. Out of all the farrago that he listened to, all that he could collect was, "that he was one of those fellows that the chiefs always hated and invariably crushed." Why destiny should have marked him out for such odium—why he was born to be strangled by red tape, Tony could not guess, nor, to say truth, did he trouble himself to inquire; but, resisting a pressing invitation to dine with Skeffington at his club, he hastened to his room to write his good news to his mother.

"Think of my good fortune, dearest little mother," he wrote. "I have got a place, and such a place! You'd fancy it was made for me, for I have neither to talk, nor to

think, nor to read, nor to write—all my requirements are joints that will bear bumping, and a head that will stand the racket of railroad and steamboat without any sense of confusion, beyond what nature implanted there. Was he not a wise minister who named me to a post where bones are better than brains, and a good digestion superior to intellect? I am to be a messenger—a Foreign Service Messenger is the grand title—a creature to go over the whole globe with a white leather bag or two, full of mischief, or gossip, as it may be, and whose whole care is to consist in keeping his time, and being never out of health.

"They say in America the bears were made for Colonel Crockett's dog, and I'm sure these places were made for fellows of my stamp—fellows to carry a message, and yet not intrusted with the telling it.

"The pay is capital, the position good—that is, three-fourths of the men are as good or better than myself; and the life, all tell me, is rare fun—you go everywhere, see everything, and think of nothing. In all your dreams for me, you never fancied the like of this. They talk of places for all sorts of capacities, but imagine a berth for one of no capacity at all! And yet, mother dear, they have made a blunder—and a very absurd blunder, too, and no small one!—they have instituted a test—a sort of examination—for a career that ought to be tested by a round with the boxing-gloves, or a sharp canter over a course with some four-feet hurdles!

"I am about to be examined, in about six weeks from this, in some foreign tongues, multiplication, and the state of my muscles. I am to show proof that I was born of white parents, and am not too young or too old to go alone of a message. There's the whole of it. It aint much, but it is quite enough to frighten one, and I go about with the verb *avoir* in my head, and the first four rules of arithmetic dance round me like so many furies. What a month of work and drudgery there is before *you*, little woman. You'll have to coach me through my declensions and subtractions. If you don't fag, you'll be plucked, for, as for me, I'll only be your representative whenever I go in. Look up your grammar then, and your history too, for they plucked a man the other day that said Piccolomini was not a general, but a little girl

that sang in the ‘Traviata’! I’d start by the mail this evening, but that I have to go up to the office—no end of a chilling place—for my examination-papers, and to be tested by the doctor that I am all right, thews and sinews; but I’ll get away by the afternoon, right glad to leave all this turmoil and confusion, the very noise of which makes me quarrelsome and ill-tempered.

“ There is such a good fellow here, Skeffington—the Honorable Skeffington Damer, to speak of him more formally—who has been most kind to me. He is private secretary to Sir Harry, and told me all manner of things about the government offices, and the dons that rule them. If I was a clever or a sharp fellow, I suppose this would have done me infinite service; but, as old Dr. Kinward says, it was only ‘ putting the wine in a cracked bottle; ’ and all I can remember is the kindness that dictated the attention.

“ Skeff is some relation—I forget what—to old Mrs. Maxwell of Tilney, and, like all the world, expects to be her heir. He talks of coming over to see her when he gets his leave, and said—God forgive him for it—that he’d run down and pass a day with us. I couldn’t say Don’t, and I had not heart to say Do! I had not the courage to tell him frankly that we lived in a cabin with four rooms and a kitchen, and that butler, cook, footman, and housemaid were all represented by a bare-footed lassie, who was far more at home drawing a fishing-net, than in cooking its contents. I was just snob enough to say, Tell us when we may look out for you; and without manliness to add, And I’ll run away when I hear it. But he’s a rare good fellow, and teases me every day to dine with him at the Arthur—a club where all the young swells of the government offices assemble to talk of themselves, and sneer at their official superiors.

“ I’ll go out, if I can, and see Dolly before I leave, though she told me the family didn’t like her having friends,—the flunkies call them followers,—and of course I ought not to do what would make her uncomfortable; still, one minute or two would suffice to get me some message to bring the doctor, who’ll naturally expect it. I’d like, besides, to tell Dolly of my good fortune, though it is, perhaps, not a very graceful thing to be full of one’s own success to another, whose son,

position is so painful as hers, poor girl. If you saw how pale she has grown, and how thin; even her voice has lost that jolly ring it had, and is now weak and poor. She seems so much afraid—of what or whom I can’t make out—but all about her bespeaks terror. You say very little of the Abbey, and I am always thinking of it. The great big world, and this great big city that is its capital, are very small things to *me*, compared to that little circle that could be swept by a compass, with a centre at the Burnside, and a leg of ten miles long, that would take in the Abbey and the salmon-weir, the rabbit-warren and the boat-jetty! If I was very rich, I’d just add three rooms to our cottage, and put up one for myself, with my own traps; and another for you, with all the books that ever were written; and another for Skeff, or any other good fellow we’d like to have with us. Wouldn’t that be jolly, little mother? I wont deny I’ve seen what would be called prettier places here—the Thames above and below Richmond, for instance. Lawns smooth as velvet—great trees of centuries’ growth, and fine houses of rich people are on every side. But I like our own wild crags and breezy hill-sides better; I like the great green sea, rolling smoothly on, and smashing over our rugged rocks, better than all those smooth eddied currents, with their smart racing-boats skimming about. If I could only catch these fellows outside the Skerries some day, with a wind from the north-west: wouldn’t I spoil the colors of their gay jackets?

“ Here’s Skeff come again. He says he is going to dine with some very pleasant fellows at the Star and Garter, and that I must positively come. He wont be denied, and I am in such rare spirits about my appointment, that I feel as if I should be a churl to myself to refuse, though I have my sore misgivings about accepting what I well know I never can make any return for. How I’d like one word from you to decide for me!

“ I must shut up. I’m off to Richmond, and they are all making such a row and hurrying me so, that my head is turning. One has to hold the candle, and another stands ready with the sealing-wax, by way of expediting me. Good-by, dearest mother—I start to-morrow for home. Your affectionate

TONY BUTLER.”

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CHAPTER XIV.

A DINNER AT RICHMOND.

With the company that composed the dinner-party we have only a very passing concern. They were—including Skeffington and Tony—eight in all. Three were young officials from Downing Street; two were guardsmen; and one an inferior member of the royal household—a certain Mr. Arthur Mayfair, a young fellow much about town, and known by every one.

The dinner was ostensibly to celebrate the promotion of one of the guardsmen—Mr Lyner; in reality, it was one of those small orgies of eating and drinking, which our modern civilization has imported from Paris.

A well-spread, and even splendid table was no novelty to Tony; but such extravagance and luxury as this he had never witnessed before; it was, in fact, a banquet in which all that was rarest and most costly figured, and it actually seemed as if every land of Europe had contributed some delicacy or other to represent its claims to epicurism, at this congress. There were caviare from Russia, and oysters from Ostend, and red trout from the Highlands, and plover eggs and pheasants from Bohemia, and partridges from Alsace, and scores of other delicacies, each attended by its appropriate wine; to discuss which, with all the high connoisseurship of the table, furnished the whole conversation. Politics and literature apart, no subject could have been more removed from all Tony's experiences. He had never read Brillat Savarin, nor so much as heard of M. Ude—of the great controversy between the merits of white and brown truffles, he knew positively nothing, and he had actually eaten terrapin, and believed it to be very exquisite veal!

He listened, and listened very attentively. If it might have seemed to him that the company devoted a most extravagant portion of the time to the discussion, there was such a realism in the presence of the good things themselves, that the conversation never descended to frivolity; while there was an earnestness in the talkers that rejected such an imputation.

To hear them, one would have thought—at least, Tony thought—that all their lives had been passed in dining. Could any memory retain the mass of small minute circumstances that they recorded, or did they keep

prandial records as others keep game-books? Not one of them ever forgot where and when and how he had ever eaten anything remarkable for its excellence; and there was an elevation of language, an ecstasy imported into the reminiscences, that only ceased to be ludicrous when he grew used to it. Perhaps, as a mere listener, he partook more freely than he otherwise might of the good things before him. In the excellence and endless variety of the wines, there was, besides, temptation for cooler heads than his. Not to add, that on one or two occasions he found himself in a jury, empanelled to pronounce upon some nice question of flavor, points upon which, as the evening wore on, he entered with a far greater reliance on his judgment than he would have felt half an hour before dinner.

He had not, what is called in the language of the table, a “made head.” That is to say, at Lyle Abbey, his bottle of Sneyd's Claret after dinner was more than he liked well to drink; but now, when Sauterne succeeded Sherry, and Macbrunner came after Champagne, and in succession followed Bordeaux and Burgundy and Madeira, and then Bordeaux again of a rarer and choicer vintage, Tony's head grew addled and confused. Though he spoke very little, there passed through his mind all the varied changes that his nature was susceptible of. He was gay and depressed, daring and cautious, quarrelsome and forgiving, stern and affectionate, by turns. There were moments when he would have laid down his life for the company, and fleeting instants when his eye glanced around to see upon whom he could fix a deadly quarrel; now he felt rather vain-glorious at being one of such a distinguished company, and now a sharp distrust shot through him that he was there to be the butt of these town-bred wits, whose merriment was nothing but a covert impertinence.

All these changeful moods only served to make him drink more deeply. He filled bumpers and drank them daringly. Skeffington told the story of the threat to kick Willis—not much in itself, but full of interest to the young officials who knew Willis as an institution, and could no more have imagined his personal chastisement than an insult to the royal arms. When Skelf, however, finished by saying that the Secretary of State himself rather approved of the measure, they

began to feel that Tony Butler was that greatest of all created things, "a rising man." For as the power of the unknown number is incomensurable, so the height to which a man's success may carry him can never be estimated.

"It's deuced hard to get one of these messengerships," said one of the guardsmen; "they say it's far easier to be named Secretary of Legation."

"Of course it is. Fifty fellows are able to ride in a coach for one that can read and write," said Mayfair.

"What do you mean by that?" cried Tony, his eyes flashing fire.

"Just what I said," replied the other, mildly—"that as there is no born mammal so helpless as a real gentleman, it's the rarest thing to find an empty shell to suit him."

"And they're well paid too," broke in the soldier. "Why, there's no fellow so well off. They have five pounds a day."

"No, they have not."

"They have."

"They have not."

"On duty. When they're on duty."

"No, nor off duty."

"Harris told me."

"Harris is a fool."

"He's my cousin," said a sickly young fellow, who looked deadly pale, "and I'll not hear him called a liar."

"Nobody said liar. I said he was a fool."

"And so he is," broke in Mayfair, "for he went and got married the other day to a girl without sixpence."

"Beaumont's daughter?"

"Exactly. The 'Lively Kitty,' as we used to call her, a name she'll scarce go by in a year or two."

"I don't think," said Tony, with a slow, deliberate utterance—"I don't think that he has made me a suit—suit—suitable apology for what he said—eh, Skeff?"

"Be quiet, will you?" muttered the other.

"Kitty had ten thousand pounds of her own."

"Not sixpence."

"I tell you she had."

"Grant it. What is ten thousand pounds?" lisped out a little pink-cheeked fellow, who had a hundred and eighty per annum at the Board of Trade. "If you are economical, you may get two years out of it."

"If I thought," growled out Tony into

Skeff's ear, "that he meant it for insolence, I'd punch his head, curls and all!"

"Will you just be quiet?" said Skeff again.

"I'd have married Kitty myself," said pink cheeks, "if I thought she had ten thousand."

"And I'd have gone on a visit to you," said Mayfair, "and we'd have played billiards, the French game, every evening."

"I never thought Harris was so weak as to go and marry," said the youngest of the party, not fully one-and-twenty.

"Every one hasn't your experience, Upton," said Mayfair.

"Why do the fellows bear all this?" whispered Tony again.

"I say—be quiet—do be quiet!" mumbled Skeff.

"Who was it used to call Kitty Beaumont the Lass of Richmond Hill?" said Mayfair; and another uproar ensued as to the authority in question, in which many contradictions were exchanged, and some wagers booked.

"Sing us that song Bailey made on her—Fair Lady on the River's Bank; you can sing it, Clinton?"

"Yes, let us have the song," cried several together.

"I'll wager five pounds I'll name a prettier girl on the same spot," said Tony to Skeff.

"Butler challenges the field," cried Skeff. "He knows, and will name, the prettiest girl in Richmond."

"I take him. What's the figure?" said Mayfair.

"And I—and I!" shouted three or four in a breath.

"I think he offered a pony," lisped out the youngest.

"I said, I'd bet five pounds," said Tony, fiercely; "don't misrepresent me, sir!"

"I'll take your money, then!" cried Mayfair.

"No, no; I was first; I said 'done' before you," interposed a guardsman.

"But how can it be decided? we can't summon the rival beauties to our presence, and perform Paris and the apple," said Skeff.

"Come along with me, and you shall see her," broke in Tony; "she lives within less than five minutes' walk of where we are. I am satisfied that the matter should be left to your decision, Skeffington."

"No, no," cried several together; "take

Mayfair with you ; he is the fittest man amongst us for such a criticism ; he has studied these matters profoundly."

"Here's a health to all good lasses ! " cried out another ; and goblets were filled with champagne, and drained in a moment, while some attempted the song ; and others, imagining that they had caught the air started off with "Here's to the Maiden of Blooming Fifteen," making up an amount of confusion that was perfectly deafening, in which the waiter entered to observe, in a very weak tone, that the Archdeacon of Halford was entertaining a select party in the next room, and entreated that they might be permitted to hear each other occasionally.

Such a burst of horror and indignation as followed this request ! Some were for an armed intervention at once ; some for a general smash of all things practicable ; and two or three, haughtier in their drunkenness, declared that the Star and Garter should have no more of their patronage, and proudly ordered the waiter to fetch the bill.

"Thirty-seven,—nine,—six," said Mayfair, as he held the document near a candle ; "make it an even forty for the waiters, and it leaves five pounds a head, eh ?—not too much after all."

"Well, I don't know ; the asparagus was miserably small."

"And I got no strawberries."

"I have my doubts about that Moselle."

"It aint dear, at least : it's not dearer than anywhere else."

While these criticisms were going forward, Tony perceived that each one in turn was throwing down his sovereigns on the table, as his contribution to the fund ; and he approached Skeffington, to whisper that he had forgotten his purse, his sole excuse to explain, what he wouldn't confess, that he believed he was an invited guest. Skeff was, however, by this time so completely overcome by the last toast, that he sat staring fatuously before him, and could only mutter, in a melancholy strain, "To be, or not to be ; that's a question."

"Can you lend me some money ? " whispered Tony. "I want your purse."

"He—takes my purse—trash—trash—" mumbled out the other.

"I'll book up for Skeffy," said one of the guardsmen ; "and now it's all right."

"No," said Tony aloud ; "I haven't

paid ; I left my purse behind : and I can't make Skeffington understand that I want a loan from him ;" and he stooped down again, and whispered in his ear.

While a buzz of voices assured Tony that "it didn't matter,—all had money, any one could pay," and so on, Skeffington gravely handed out his cigar-case, and said, "Take as much as you like, old fellow ; it was quarter-day last week."

In a wild, uproarious burst of laughter they now broke up ; some helping Skeffington along, some performing mock ballet steps, and two or three attempting to walk with an air of rigid propriety, which occasionally diverged into strange tangents.

Tony was completely bewildered. Never was a poor brain more addled than his. At one moment he thought them all the best fellows in the world : he'd have risked his neck for any of them ; and, at the next, he regarded them as a set of insolent snobs, daring to show off airs of superiority to a stranger, because he was not one of them ; and so he oscillated between the desire to show his affection for them, or have a quarrel with any of them.

Meanwhile, Mayfair, with a reasonably good voice and some taste, broke out into a wild sort of air, whose measure changed at every moment. One verse ran thus :

"By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon,
We all went home by the light of the moon."

With a ringing song
We tramped along,
Recalling what we'll forget so soon.
How the wine was good,
And the talk was free,
And pleasant and gay the company.

"For the wine supplied
What our wits denied,
And we pledged the girls whose eyes we knew,
Whose eyes we knew.
You ask her name, but what's that to you ?
What's that to you ?"

"Well, there's where she lives, anyhow," muttered Tony, as he came to a dead stop on the road, and stared full at a small two-storied house in front of him.

"Ah, that's where she lives!" repeated Mayfair, as he drew his arm within Tony's, and talked in a low and confidential tone. "And a sweet, pretty cottage it is. What a romantic little spot ! What if we were to serenade her ?"

Tony gave no reply. He stood looking up at the closed shutters of the quiet house, which, to his eyes, represented a sort of penitentiary for that poor imprisoned, hard-working girl. His head was not very clear, but he had just sense enough to remember the respect he owed her condition, and how jealously he should guard her from the interference of others. Meanwhile Mayfair had leaped over the low paling of the little front garden, and stood now close to the house. With an admirable imitation of the prelude of a guitar, he began to sing,—

“ Come, dearest Lilla,
Thy anxious lover
Counts, counts the weary moments over ”—

As he reached thus far, a shutter gently opened, and in the strong glare of the moonlight, some trace of a head could be detected behind the curtain. Encouraged by this, the singer went on in a rich and flowery voice,—

“ Anxious he waits,
Thy voice to hear
Break, break on his enraptured ear.”

At this moment the window was thrown open, and a female voice, in an accent strongly Scotch, called out—“ Awa wi’ ye —pack o’ ne’er-do-wells as ye are—awa wi’ ye a’! I’ll call the police.” But Mayfair went on,—

“ The night invites to love,
So tarry not above,
But Lilla—Lilla—Lilla come down to me !”

“ I’ll come down to you, and right soon,” shouted a hoarse masculine voice. Two or three who had clambered over the paling beside Mayfair now scampered off; and Mayfair himself, making a spring, cleared the fence, and ran down the road at the top of his speed, followed by all but Tony, who, half in indignation at their ignominious flight, and half with some vague purpose of apology, stood his ground before the gate.

The next moment the hall-door opened, and a short, thick-set man, armed with a powerful bludgeon, rushed out and made straight towards him. Seeing, however, that Tony stood firm, neither offering resistance nor attempting escape, he stopped short and cried out, “ What for drunken blackguards are ye, that canna go home without disturbing a quiet neighborhood ? ”

“ If you can keep a civil tongue in your

head,” said Tony, “ I’ll ask your pardon for this disturbance.”

“ What’s your apology to me, you young scamp ? ” cried the other, wrenching open the gate and passing out into the road. “ I’d rather give you a lesson than listen to your excuses.” He lifted his stick as he spoke, but Tony sprang upon him with the speed of a tiger, and, wrenching the heavy bludgeon out of his hand, flung it far into a neighboring field, and then, grasping him by the collar with both hands, he gave him such a shake as very soon convinced his antagonist how unequal the struggle would be between them. “ By Heaven ! ” muttered Tony, “ if you so much as lay a hand on me, I’ll send you after your stick. Can’t you see that this was only a drunken frolic ; that these young fellows did not want to insult you, and if I stayed here behind them, it was to appease, not to offend you ? ”

“ Dinna speak to me, sir. Let me go—let go my coat. I’m not to be handled in this manner ! ” cried the other in passion.

“ Co back to your bed, then ! ” said Tony, pushing him from him. “ It’s clear enough you have no gentleman’s blood in your body, or you’d accept an amends, or resent an affront.”

Stung by this retort, the other turned and aimed a blow at Butler’s face ; but he stopped it cleverly, and then, seizing him by the shoulder, he swung him violently round, and threw him within the gate of the garden.

“ You are more angered than hurt,” muttered Tony, as he looked at him for an instant.

“ O Tony, that this could be you ! ” cried a faint voice from a little window of an attic, and a violent sob closed the words.

Tony turned and went his way towards London, those accents ringing in his ears, and at every step he went, repeating, “ That this could be you ! ”

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE MEETING AND PARTING.

WHAT a dreary waking was that of Tony’s on the morning after the orgies ! Not a whit the less overwhelming from the great difficulty he had in recalling the events, and investigating his own share in them. There was nothing that he could look back upon with pleasure. Of the dinner and the guests, all that he could remember was the costliness

and the tumult ; and of the scene at Mrs. M'Gruder's, his impression was of insults given and received, a violent altercation, in which his own share could not be defended.

How very different had been his waking thoughts, had he gone as he proposed, to bid Dora a good-by, and tell her of his great good fortune ! How full would his memory now have been of her kind words and wishes ! how much would he have to recall of her sisterly affection ! for they had been like brother and sister from their childhood. It was to Dora that Tony confided all his boyhood's sorrows, and to the same ear he had told his first tale of love, when the beautiful Alice Lyle had sent through his heart those emotions, which, whether of ecstasy or torture, make a new existence and a new being to him who feels them for the first time. He had loved Alice as a girl, and was all but heart-broken when she married. His sorrows—and were they not sorrows ?—had all been intrusted to Dora, and from her he had heard such wise and kind counsels, such encouraging and hopeful words ; and when the beautiful Alice came back, within a year, a widow, far more lovely than ever, he remembered how all his love was rekindled. Nor was it the less entrancing that it was mingled with a degree of deference for her station, and an amount of distance which her new position exacted.

He had intended to have passed his last evening with Dora in talking over these things—and how had he spent it ? In a wild and disgraceful debauch, and in a company of which he felt himself well ashamed.

It was, however, no part of Tony's nature to spend time in vain regrets ; he lived ever more in the present than the past. There were a number of things to be done, and done at once. The first was to acquit his debt for that unlucky dinner ; and in a tremor of doubt, he opened his little store to see what remained to him. Of the eleven pounds ten shillings his mother gave him, he had spent less than two pounds ; he had travelled third-class to London, and while in town denied himself every extravagance. He rang for his hotel bill, and was shocked to see that it came to three pounds seven-and-sixpence. He fancied he had half-starved himself, and he saw a catalogue of steaks and luncheons to his share, that smacked of very gluttony. He paid it without a word, gave an apology

to the waiter, that he had run himself short of money, and could only offer him a crown. The dignified official accepted the excuse and the coin, with a smile of bland sorrow. It was a pity that cut both ways, for himself and for Tony too.

There now remained but a few shillings above five pounds, and he sat down and wrote this note :—

“ MY DEAR SKEFFINGTON,—Some one of your friends, last night, was kind enough to pay my share of the reckoning for me. Will you do me the favor to thank and repay him ? I am off to Ireland hurriedly, or I'd call and see you. I have not even time to wait for those examination papers, which were to be delivered to me either to-day or to-morrow. Would you send them by post, addressed ‘ T. Butler, Burnside, Coleraine.’ My head is not very clear to-day, but it should be more stupid if I could forget all your kindness since we met.—Believe me, very sincerely, etc.,

TONY BUTLER.”

The next was to his mother.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,—Don't expect me on Saturday ; it may be two or three days later ere I reach home. I am all right, in rare health and capital spirits, and never in my life felt more completely your own,

“ TONY BUTLER.”

One more note remained, but it was not easy to write it, nor even to decide whether to address it to Dora or to Mr. M'Gruder. At length he decided for the latter, and wrote thus :—

“ SIR,—I beg to offer you the very humblest apology for the disturbance created last night before your house. We had all drunk too much wine, lost our heads, and forgotten good manners. If I had been in a fitting condition to express myself properly, I'd have made my excuses on the spot. As it is, I make the first use of my recovered brains to tell you how heartily ashamed I am of my conduct, and how desirous I feel to know that you will cherish no ungenerous feelings towards your faithful servant,

“ T. BUTLER.”

“ I hope he'll think it all right. I hope this will satisfy him. I trust it is not too humble, though I mean to be humble. If he's a gentleman, he'll think no more of it ; but he may not be a gentleman, and will probably fancy that because I stoop, he ought to kick me. That would be a mistake ; and perhaps it would be as well to add, by way of P. S., ‘ If the above is not fully satisfac-

tory, and that you prefer another issue to this affair, my address is, 'T. Butler, Burnside, Coleraine, Ireland.'

"Perhaps that would spoil it all," thought Tony. "I want him to forgive an offence, and it's not the best way to that end to say, 'If you like fighting better, don't balk your fancy.' No, no; I'll send it in its first shape. I don't feel very comfortable on my knees, it is true, but it is all my own fault if I am there."

"And now to reach home again. I wish I knew how that was to be done! Seven or eight shillings are not a very big sum, but I'd set off with them on foot, if there was no sea to be traversed." To these thoughts there was no relief by the possession of any article of value that he could sell or pledge. He had neither watch nor ring, nor any of those fanciful trinkets which modern fashion affects.

He knew not one person from whom he could ask the loan of a few pounds; nor, worse again, could be certain of being able to repay them within a reasonable time. To approach Skellington on such a theme was impossible; anything rather than this. If he were once at Liverpool, there were sure to be many captains of northern steamers that would know him, and give him a passage home. But how to get to Liverpool? The cheapest railroad fare was above a pound. If he must needs walk, it would take him a week, and he could not afford himself more than one meal a day taking his chance to sleep under a corn-stack or a hedgerow. Very dear indeed was the price that grand banquet cost him, and yet not dearer than half the extravagances men are daily and hourly committing—the only difference being, that the debt is not usually exacted so promptly. He wrote his name on a card, and gave it to the waiter, saying "When I send to you under this name, you will give my portmanteau to the bearer of the message, for I shall probably not come back—at least for some time."

The waiter was struck by the words, but more still by the dejected look of one, whom, but twenty-four hours back, he had been praising for his frank and gay bearing.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, sir?" asked the man, respectfully.

"Not a great deal," said Tony, with a faint smile.

"I was afraid, sir, from seeing you look pale this morning. I fancied, indeed, that there was something amiss. I hope you're not displeased at the liberty I took, sir?"

"Not a bit; indeed, I feel grateful to you for noticing that I was not in good spirits. I have so very few friends in this big city of yours, your sympathy was pleasant to me. Will you remember what I said about my luggage?"

"Of course, sir, I'll attend to it; and if not called for within a reasonable time, is there any address you'd like me to send it to?"

Tony stared at the man, who seemed to flinch under the gaze, and it shot like a bolt through his mind. "He thinks I have some gloomy purpose in my head. I believe I apprehend you," said he, laying his hand on the man's shoulder; "but you are all wrong. There is nothing more serious the matter with me, than to have run myself out of money, and I cannot conveniently wait here till I write and get an answer from home; there's the whole of it."

"Oh, sir, if you'll not be offended at an humble man like me—if you'd forgive the liberty I take, and let me, as far as a ten-pound note;" he stammered and reddened, and seemed positively wretched in his attempt to explain himself without any breach of propriety. Nor was Tony indeed less moved as he said,—

"I thank you heartily; you have given me something to remember of this place with gratitude so long as I live. But I am not so hard pressed as you suspect. It is a merely momentary inconvenience, and a few days will set it all right. Good-by; I hope we'll meet again." And he shook the man's hand cordially in his own strong fingers, and passed out with a full heart and a very choking throat.

When he turned into the street, he walked along, without choosing his way. His mind was too much occupied to let him notice either the way or the passers-by, and he sauntered along, now musing over his own lot, now falling back upon that trustful heart of the poor waiter, whose position could scarcely have inspired such confidence.

"I am certain that what are called moralists are unfair censors of their fellow-men. I'll be sworn there is more of kindness and generosity and honest truth in the world,

than there is of knavery and falsehood ; but your honor ; I'm to be at Blackwall, to catch as we have no rewards for the one, and keep up jails and hulks for the other, we have nothing to guide our memories. That's the whole of it ; all the statistics are on one side."

While he was thus ruminating, he had wandered along, and was already deep in the very heart of the city. Nor did the noise, the bustle, the overwhelming tide of humanity arouse him, as it swept along in its ceaseless flow. So intently was his mind turned inward, that he narrowly escaped being run over by an omnibus, the pole of which struck him, and under whose wheels he had unquestionably fallen, if it were not that a strong hand grasped him by the shoulder, and swung him powerfully back upon the flagway.

" Is it blind you are, that you didn't hear the 'bus ? " cried a somewhat gruff voice, with an accent that told of a land he liked well ; and Tony turned and saw a stout, strongly built young fellow, dressed in a sort of bluish frieze, and with a bundle on a stick over his shoulder. He was good-looking, but of a more serious cast of features than is common with the lower-class Irish.

" I see," said Tony, " that I owe this good turn to a countryman. You're from Ireland ? "

" Indeed, and I am, your honor, and no lie in it," said he, reddening, as, although there was nothing to be ashamed of by the avowal, popular prejudice lay rather in the other direction.

" I don't know what I was thinking of," said Tony, again ; and even yet his head had not regained its proper calm. " I forgot all about where I was, and never heard the horses till they were on me."

" 'Tis what I remarked, sir," said the other, as with his sleeve he brushed the dirt off Tony's coat. " I saw you was like one in a d'ream."

" I wish I had anything worth offering you," said Tony, reddening, while he placed the last few shillings he had in the other's palm.

" What's this for ? " said the man, half angrily ; " sure you don't think it's for money I did it ; " and he pushed the coin back almost rudely from him.

While Tony assuaged, as well as he might, the anger of his wounded pride, they walked on together for some time, till at last the other said, " I'll have to hurry away now,

I'm to be at Blackwall, to catch the packet for Derry, by twelve o'clock."

" What packet do you speak of ? "

" The *Foyle*, sir. She's to sail this evening, and I have my passage paid for me, and I mustn't lose it."

" If I had my luggage, I'd go in her too. I want to cross over to Ireland."

" And where is it, sir—the luggage, I mean ? "

" Oh, it's only a portmanteau, and it's at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden."

" If your honor wouldn't mind taking charge of this," said he, pointing to his bundle, " I'd be off in a jiffy, and get the trunk, and be back by the time you reached the steamer."

" Would you really do me this service ? Well, here's my card ; when you show this to the waiter, he'll hand you the portmanteau ; and there is nothing to pay."

" All right, sir ; the *Foyle*, a big paddle steamer—you'll know her red chimney the moment you see it ; " and without another word he gave Tony his bundle and hurried away.

" Is not this trustfulness ? " thought Tony, as he walked onward ; " I suppose this little bundle contains all this poor fellow's worldly store, and he commits it to a stranger, without one moment of doubt or hesitation." It was for the second time, on that same morning, that his heart was touched by a trait of kindness ; and he began to feel, that if such proofs of brotherhood were rife in the world, narrow fortune was not half so bad a thing as he had ever believed it.

It was a long walk he had before him, and not much time to do it in, so that he was obliged to step briskly out. As for the bundle, it is but fair to own that at first he carried it with a certain shame and awkwardness, affecting, in various ways, to assure the passers-by that such an occupation was new to him ; but as time wore on, and he saw, as he did see, that very few noticed him, and none troubled themselves as to what was the nature of his burden, he grew more indifferent, well consoled by thinking that nothing was more unlikely than that he should be met by any one he knew.

When he got down to the riverside, boats were leaving in every direction, and one for the *Foyle*, with two passengers, offered itself at the moment. He jumped in, and soon

found himself aboard a large mercantile boat, her deck covered with fragments of machinery and metal for some new factory in Belfast. "Where's the captain?" asked Tony, of a gruff-looking man in a tweed coat and a wide-awake.

"I'm the captain; and what then?" said the other.

In a few words Tony explained that he had found himself short of cash, and not wishing to be detained till he could write and have an answer from home, he begged he might have a deck passage. "If it should cost more than I have money for, I will leave my trunk with your steward till I remit my debt."

"Get those boats aboard—clear away that hawser there—look out, or you'll foul that collier!" cried the skipper, his deep voice ringing above the din and crash of the escaping steam, but never so much as noticing one word of Tony's speech.

Too proud to repeat his address, and yet doubting how it had been taken, he stood, occasionally buffeted about by the sailors as they hurried hither and thither; and now, amidst the din, a great bell rang out, and while it clattered away, some scrambled up the side of the ship, and others clambered down, while, with shout and oaths and imprecations on every side, the great mass swung round, and two slow revolutions of her paddles showed she was ready to start. Almost frantic with anxiety for his missing friend, Tony mounted on a bulwark, and scanned every boat he could see.

"Back her!" screamed the skipper; "there, gently—all right. Go ahead;" and now with a shoulder, surging heave, the great black monster lazily moved forward, and gained the middle of the river. Boats were now hurrying wildly to this side and to that, but none towards the *Foyle*. "What will become of me? What will he think of me?" cried Tony; and he peered down into the yellow tide, almost doubtful if he ought not to jump into it.

"Go on!" cried the skipper; and the speed increased, a long swell issuing from either paddle, and stretching away to either bank of the river. Far away in this rocking tide, tossing hopelessly and in vain, Tony saw a small boat wherein a man was standing wildly waving his handkerchief by way of signal.

"There he is, in one minute—give him one minute, and he will be here!" cried Tony, not knowing to whom he spoke.

"You'll get jammed, my good fellow, if you don't come down from that," said a sailor. "You'll be caught in the davits when they swing round;" and seeing how inattentive he was to the caution, he laid a hand upon him and forced him upon deck. The ship had now turned a bend of the river, and as Tony turned aft to look for the boat, she was lost to him, and he saw her no more.

For some miles of the way, all were too much occupied to notice him. There was much to stow away and get in order, the cargo having been taken in even to the latest moment before they started. There were some carriages and horses, too, on board, neither of which met from the sailors more deferential care than they bestowed on cast-metal cranks and iron sleepers, thus occasioning little passages between those in charge and the crew, that were the reverse of amicable. It was in one of these Tony heard a voice he was long familiar with. It was Sir Arthur Lyle's coachman, who was even more overjoyed than Tony at the recognition. He had been sent over to fetch four carriage-horses and two open carriages for his master, and his adventures and mishaps were, in his estimation, above all human experience.

"I'll have to borrow a five-pound note from you," said Tony; "I have come on board without anything—even my luggage is left behind."

"Five-and-twenty, Mr. Tony, if you want it. I'm as glad as fifty to see you here. You'll be able to make these fellows mind what I say. There's not as much as a spare tarpaulin to put over the beasts at night; and if the ship rocks, their legs will be knocked to pieces."

If Tony had not the same opinion of his influence, he did not, however, hesitate to offer his services, and assisted the coachman to pad the horse-boxes, and bandage the legs with an overlaid covering of hay rope, against any accidents.

"Are you steerage or aft?" asked a surly-looking steward of Tony as he was washing his hands after his exertions.

"There's a question to ask of one of the best blood in Ireland!" interposed the coachman.

"The best blood in Ireland will then have

to pay cabin fare," said the steward, as he jotted down a Mem. in his book; and Tony was now easy enough in mind to laugh at the fellow's impertinence as he paid the money.

The voyage was not eventful in any way: the weather was fine, the sea not rough, and the days went by as monotonously as need be. If Tony had been given to reflection, he would have had a glorious opportunity to indulge the taste, but it was the very least of all his tendencies.

He would, indeed, have liked much to review his life, and map out something of his future road; but he could do nothing of this kind without a companion. Asking him to think for himself, and by himself, was pretty much like asking him to play chess or back-gammon with himself, where it depended on his caprice which side was to be the winner. The habit of self-depreciation had, besides, got hold of him, and he employed it as an excuse to cover his inertness. "What's the use of my doing this, that, or t'other? I'll be a stupid dog to the end of the chapter. It's all waste of time to set me down to this or that. Other fellows could learn it; it's impossible for me."

It is strange how fond men will grow of pleading *in forma pauperis* to their own hearts, even men constitutionally proud and high-spirited. Tony had fallen into this unlucky habit, and got at last to think it was his safest way in life to trust very little to his judgment.

"If I hadn't been 'mooning,' I'd not have walked under the pole of the omnibus, nor chanced upon this poor fellow, whose bundle I have carried away, nor lost my own kit, which, after all, was something to me." Worse than all these—infinitely worse—was the thought of how that poor peasant would think of him! "What a cruel lesson of mistrust and suspicion have I implanted in that honest heart! What a terrible revulsion must have come over him, when he found I had sailed away and left him!" Poor Tony's reasoning was not acute enough to satisfy him that the man could not accuse him for what was out of his power to prevent—the departure of the steamer; nor, with Tony's own luggage in his possession, could he arraign his honesty, or distrust his honor.

He bethought him that he would consult Waters, for whose judgment in spavins,

thoroughpins, capped hocks¹, and navicular lameness, he had the deepest veneration. Waters, who knew horses so thoroughly, must needs not be altogether ignorant of men.

"I say, Tom," cried he, "sit down here, and let me tell you something that's troubling me a good deal, and perhaps you can give me some advice on it." They sat down accordingly under the shelter of a horse-box, while Tony related circumstantially his late misadventure.

The old coachman heard him to the end without interruption. He smoked throughout the whole narrative, only now and then removing his pipe to intimate by an emphatic nod that the "court was with the counsel." Indeed, he felt that there was something judicial in his position, and assumed a full share of importance on the strength of it.

"There's the whole case now before you," said Tony, as he finished—"what do you say to it?"

"Well, there ain't a great deal to say to it, Mr. Tony," said he, slowly. "If the other chap has got the best kit, by course he has got the best end of the stick; and you may have an easy conscience about that. If there's any money or val'able in *his* bundle, it is just likely there will be some trace of his name, and where he lives too; so that, turn out either way, you're all right."

"So that you advise me to open his pack and see if I can find a clue to him?"

"Well, indeed, I'd do that much out of cur'osity. At all events, you'll not get to know about him from the blue handkercher with the white spots."

Tony did not quite approve the counsel; he had his scruples, even in a good cause, about this investigation, and he walked the deck till far into the night, pondering over it. He tried to solve the case by speculating on what the countryman would have done with *his* pack. "He'll have doubtless tried to find out where I am to be met with or come at. He'll have ransacked my traps, and if so, there will be the less need of *my* investigating *his*. *He's* sure to trace *me*." This reasoning satisfied him so perfectly that he lay down at last to sleep with an easy conscience and so weary a brain that he slept profoundly. As he awoke, however, he found that Waters had already decided the point of conscience which had so troubled

him, and was now sitting contemplating the contents of the peasant's bundle.

"There an't so much as a scrap o' writing, Mr. Tony; there an't even a prayer-book with his name in it—but there's a track to him for all that. I have him!" and he winked with that self-satisfied knowliness which had so often delighted him in the detection of a splint or a bone-spavin.

"You have him?" repeated Tony. "Well, what of him?"

"He's a jailer, sir—yes, a jailer. I wont say he's the chief—he's maybe second or third—but he's one of 'em."

"How do you know that?"

"Here's how I found it out;" and he drew forth a blue cloth uniform, with yellow cuffs and collar, and a yellow seam down the trousers. There were no buttons on the coat, but both on the sleeve and the collar were embroidered two keys, crosswise. "Look at them, Master Tony; look at them, and say an't that as clear as day? It's some new regulation, I suppose, to put them in uniform; and there's the keys, the mark of the lock-up, to show who he is that wears them."

Though the last man in the world to read riddles or unravel difficulties, Tony did not accept this information very willingly. In truth, he felt a repugnance to assign to the worthy country fellow a station which bears, in the appreciation of every Irishman, a certain stain. For, do as we will, reason how we may, the old estimate of the law as an oppression surges up through our thoughts, just as springs well up in an undrained soil.

"I'm certain you're wrong, Waters," said he, boldly; "he hadn't a bit the look of that about him: he was a fine, fresh-featured, determined sort of fellow, but without a trace of cunning or distrust in his face."

"I'll stand to it, I'm right, Master Tony. What does keys mean? Answer me that. An't they to lock up? It must be to lock up something or somebody—you agree to that?"

Tony gave a sort of grunt, which the other took for concurrence, and continued.

"It's clear enough he an't the county treasurer," said he, with a mocking laugh—"nor he don't keep the queen's private purse neither; no, sir. It's another sort of valables is under his charge. It's highwaymen and housebreakers and felony chaps."

"Not a bit of it; he's no more a jailer

than I'm a hangman. Besides, what is to prove that this uniform is his own? Why not be a friend's—a relation's? Would a fellow trained to the ways of a prison trust the first man he meets in the street, and hand him over his bundle? Is that like one whose daily life is passed among rogues and vagabonds?"

"That's exactly how it is," said Waters, closing one eye to look more piercingly astute. "Did you ever see anything trust another so much as a cat does a mouse? She hasn't no dirty suspicions at all, but lets him run here and run there, only with a make-believe of her paw letting him feel that he an't to trespass too far on her patience."

"Pshaw!" said Tony, turning away, angrily; and he muttered to himself as he walked off, "How stupid it is to take any view of life from a fellow who has never looked at it from a higher point than a hay-loft!"

As the steamer rounded Fair Head, and the tall cliffs of the Causeway came into view, other thoughts soon chased away all memory of the poor country fellow. It was home was now before him—home, that no humility can rob of its hold upon the heart—home, that appeals to the poorest of us by the selfsame sympathies the richest and greatest feel? Yes, yonder was Carrig-a-Rede, and there were the Skerries, so near and yet so far off. How slowly the great mass seemed to move, though it was about an hour ago she seemed to cleave the water like a fish. How unfair to stop her course at Larne to land those two or three passengers, and what tiresome leave-takings they indulge in; and the luggage, too, they'll never get it together! So thought Tony, his impatience mastering both reason and generosity.

"I'll have to take the horses on to Derry, Master Tony," said Waters, in an insinuating tone of voice, for he knew well what able assistance the other could lend him in any difficulty of the landing. "Sir Arthur thought that if the weather was fine we might be able to get them out on a raft and tow them in to shore; but it's too rough for that."

"Far too rough," said Tony, his eyes straining to catch the well-known landmarks of the coast.

"And with blood-horses, too, in top condition, there's more danger."

"Far more."

"So I hope your honor will tell the master that I didn't ask the captain to stop, for I saw it was no use."

"None whatever. I'll tell him—that is, if I see him," muttered Tony, below his breath.

"Maybe, if there was too much sea 'on' for your honor to land—"

"What?" interrupted Tony eying him sternly.

"I was saying, sir, that if your honor was forced to come on to Derry—"

"How should I be forced?"

"By the heavy surf, no less," said Waters, peevishly, for he foresaw failure to his negotiation.

"The tide will be on the flood till eleven, and if they can't lower a boat I'll swim it, that's all. As to going on to Derry with you, Tom," added he, laughing, "I'd not do it if you were to give me your four thoroughbreds for it."

"Well, the wind's freshening anyhow," grumbled Waters, not very sorry, perhaps, at the turn the weather was taking.

"It will be the rougher for you as you sail up the Lough," said Tony, as he lighted his cigar.

Waters pondered a good deal over what he could not but regard as a very great change in character. This young man, so gay, so easy, so careless—so ready to do anything, or do nothing—how earnest he had grown, and how resolute and how stern too.

Was this a sign that the world was going well, or the reverse, with him? Here was a knotty problem, and one which, in some form or other, has ere now puzzled wiser heads than Waters's. For as the traveller threw off in the sunshine the cloak which he had gathered round him in the storm, prosperity will as often disclose the secrets of our hearts

as that very poverty that has not wealth enough to buy a padlock for them.

"You want to land here, young man," said the captain to Tony; "and there's a shore-boat close alongside. Be alive, and jump in when she comes near."

"Good-by, Tom," said Tony, shaking hands with him. "I'll report well of the beasts, and say also how kindly you treated me."

"You'll tell Sir Arthur that the rub on the off shoulder won't signify, sir; and that Emperor's hock is going down every day. And please to say, sir,—for he'll mind *you* more than *me*,—that there's nothing will keep beasts from kicking when a ship takes to rollin'; and that, when the helpers got sea-sick, and couldn't keep on deck, if it hadn't been for *yourself*—Oh, he's not minding a word I'm saying," muttered he, disconsolately; and certainly this was the truth, for Tony was now standing on a bulwark, with the end of a rope in his hand, slung whip fashion from the yard, to enable him to swing himself at an opportune moment into the boat, all the efforts of the rowers being directed to keep her from the steamer's side.

"Now's your time, my smart fellow," cried the captain—"off with you!" And as he spoke, Tony swung himself free with a bold spring, and, just as the boat rose on a wave dropped neatly into her.

"Well done for a landsman!" cried the skipper; "port the helm, and keep away."

"You're forgetting the bundle, Master Tony," cried Waters, and he flung it towards him with all his strength; but it fell short, dropped into the sea, floated for about a second or so, and then sank forever.

Tony uttered what was not exactly a blessing on his awkwardness, and, turning his back to the steamer, seized the tiller and steered for shore.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, VOL.
VII. AND VIII.

THOSE who watch, not without anxiety, the national taste, should be comforted by the great success of this book, and rejoice to hear that a whole edition has been sold off before the public had ever seen it, simply on the authority of Mr. Froude's name, and of a very able ante-natal review in the *Quarterly*.*

It appears that the English literary appetite is not permanently injured by periodic literature, nor even by sensation novels; that, however it may have disported itself (not over-wholesomely) with tiny French kickshaws, wherein unclean beasts are cunningly disguised by sauce piquante, it has still stomach enough left for the good old English *pièce de résistance* when it appears, and can devour (and we will trust digest) two very ponderous tomes, with an honest belief that it will feel the better after it.

The truth is, that there is as great a demand as ever in Britain, and, we doubt not, in France, Germany, and America, for honest literary work, faithfully done, founded on fact, and worked out in a truly human and humane spirit.

Founded on fact: whatever may be the faults of this generation, there never was one in the world's history which was so greedy after facts, and especially the facts of the past. It is not quite satisfied with the old answers to the three great human questions, by virtue of asking which a man is a man, and not a hairless gorilla,—Whence did we come? Where are we? Whither are we going? It suspects that, for the last fifty years at least, attention has been too exclusively directed to the last of these three questions, to the exclusion of the two former, which surely must be answered, more or less, ere the third can be solved. It is asking, therefore, more and more earnestly, Whence did we come? It asks of Parwinian speculators, of discoverers of flint arrow-heads and kitchen-middens, of antiquaries, of monk-chroniclers, of historic romancers. Even Eugène Sue and his "Fils de Joël" are welcome, if he can tell anything of the great question, How came we hither? This generation is getting a wholesome philosophical instinct, that only by knowing the past can one guess at the future; that the future is

contained in the past, and the child father to the man; that one generation reaps what its forefathers have sown; that Nature in nations, as in all other things, *non agit per saltum*; that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." It has learned from antiquaries that we are the same people that we were fifteen hundred years ago; that we brought the germs of our language, our laws, our liberty, with us off the Holstein moors. It has learned from the High-Church party (and all true Englishmen should gratefully acknowledge that debt) that there was an England before the Reformation; that we had our patriots and our lawyers, our sages and our saints, in the Middle Ages, as well as in the times of Tudors or of Stuarts; and it desires more and more to know what manner of men they were, these ancestors of ours—so unlike us in garb and thought; so like us, it now appears, in heart and spirit. Moreover, men feel—and Heaven grant that they may feel more and more—the awfulness of Britain's greatness—a greatness not so much won as thrust upon her—fortuitous, incoherent, and without plan or concentration; spread and dotted dangerously, if not weakly, over the whole world. They themselves are so small: and yet their country is so great—they know not how—and she, as a collective whole, seems not to know either; nor how to wield her greatness, save from hand to mouth—

"Oppressed
With the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born."

It is a wholesome frame of mind, that, and a safe one, just because it is an humble one; and we will thank every one, from Mr. Bright at home to French and Prussian journalists abroad, who will keep that mind alive in us, and abuse us, and rate us, and tell us that we may be a monstrous incoherence while we fancy ourselves a compact organism; that we may be going on the utterly wrong path, while we think ourselves on the utterly right one; and toppling to ruin, while we fancy ourselves omnipotent. Let them exaggerate our faults and our weaknesses as they will; the public will be only too likely to exaggerate on the opposite and less safe side.

But for this very cause, the public now welcome anything like good English history.

Only, it demands that the history shall be

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human. The many are no believers in the theories of Mr. Buckle. They do not put themselves in the same category with wheat and potatoes, sparrows and tadpoles, or any other things whose fate is determined by soil, climate, supply of food, and competition of species. They have a strong and wholesome belief that mankind is not an abstraction, but signifies the men and women who have lived or do live, and that the history of England is the history of the men and women of England, not of its soil, plants, and animals. And therefore they crave for a history of the hearts and characters of those same men and women, and not a mere history of statistics, events, principles. They do not deny the value of those latter; but they rationally and fairly ask for them as they occurred in fact. The statistics must be set forth in the weal or woe of the human beings who were the better or the worse for them; the events in the deeds of the men who acted them; the principles in the lives of those who worked them out, fought for them, died for them. The things did not do themselves; men of old did them; and therefore the men now of to-day must see the men doing them. That only will they call history. If history is to be written on Mr. Buckle's plan, they simply will not read it. It is to them no history at all. They ask for historic truth, holding that (and rightly) to be identical with dramatic truth. Therefore they will read their Bible (though every number in it were demonstrated to be wrong) and get history therefrom, because it is infinitely dramatic and human. They will get their English history from Shakspeare, and understand and remember it, because he is dramatic and human. They will not read, understand, or remember the modern Constitutional Histories, Philosophies of History, and such like (excellent and instructive to the scholar as they are), because they are not dramatic and human. They will not read M. Guizot, they will not read Sismondi (to take no example nearer home), because they are not dramatic and human. Men wish to know about men of like passions with themselves, and to hear of them from a writer who has human sympathies and dramatic power.

That last is a necessary qualification. To write of men, the writer must be himself a man. When Johnson parodied poor Henry Brooke's line in "Gustavus Vasa"—

"Who rules o'er freemen must himself be free,"
by—

"Who drives fat bullocks must himself be fat," he spake, as wise men are wont, more truth than he thought for. For is it not true? From whence come mad bulls, and all the terrors of Smithfield, save from this—that drovers, like too many historians, are notably and visibly a lean race; and, having no sympathy with the pangs of obesity, do over-drive, hurry, and altogether misunderstand and abuse their quadruped charges, as historians their biped ones, sinning perpetually against the time-honored law, "Hurry no man's cattle, specially your own."

As it would be good, therefore, for the public safety, if no man were allowed to exercise the craft and mystery of a drover, unless he weighed by scale full sixteen stone, so would it be good for the public knowledge that no one should exercise the craft and mystery of an historian, unless he had had his fair share of the sorrows and joys—nay, also, perhaps, of the weaknesses of humanity. One might go further, and say that the model historian ought to have been in at least one conspiracy; to have commanded an army in battle; to have run away therefrom; to have committed a murder; to have had the appointing of half a dozen bishops; to have divorced a wife or two; to have spent the best years of his life in prison strong; and finally, to have been hanged, or, still better, burned alive. But perfection is impossible in this life.

Certainly, it is not enough to eschew principles and theories, and write exclusively of human beings and their deeds, without a large and deep human sympathy. One has seen examples of that kind of history, which have degenerated into mere inventories of old clothes, or bills of indigestible fare; and it is not important to the human race to know the exact day on which Queen Adeliza Joanna Maud wore a green boddice over a blue kirtle, or on which Abbot Helluo de Voragine cooked five porpoises whole for a single feast. But the most notable instance of an historic failure, from mere want of humanity, is perhaps, "Machiavelli's History of Florence." No book can be more free from theory, principle, or moral of any kind—not even a sensation novel. It is not even, like such a novel, inhuman—i.e., drawing humanity in mon-

strous and impossible forms ; it is simply extra-human, drawing it not at all. Nevertheless, it is entirely occupied with men and their deeds ; it is written as fluently, gracefully, vividly, as book need be ; it is crammed with incident—with stratagems and treasons dire, with battle, murder, sudden death, plague, pestilence, and famine ; and yet the effect of the whole is utter weariness, confusion, and disgust. There is no delineation of character ; there is no feeling for, or with, any actor. As might be expected from the cynic author of the "Principe," his men are not men, but stronger and cunnier beasts of prey. And therefore the effect of the book is confusion, weariness, disgust. It is no better sport than to look at the insects devouring each other in a drop of water : not even as good ; for Machiavelli's insects are all of the same kind, shape, and color, and one cannot even learn from them a lesson on the competition of species.

If all this be true (and true surely it is in the main), it is easy to understand the steadily increasing success of Mr. Froude's "History of the Tudors."

When his first volumes appeared, his capabilities for writing history were altogether unknown save to a few who had read in the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine* his admirable essays* on "Mary Tudor," "England's Forgotten Worthies," "The Morals of Queen Elizabeth," etc.

They could not tell that he possessed what Mr. Carlyle makes the very definition of genius, "the infinite capacity of taking trouble." That he has that, his subsequent volumes have well proved. But one thing the public knew of him, that genius he had, of a kind which interests the many far more than the genius of taking trouble—the genius of human sympathy. Whatever they thought, or were told to think, about his earlier books, they knew from them this—that he had the power of seeing things in men and women which the mass could not see ; of saying things of them which the mass dared not say ; and of finding words for his thought which the mass could not find. The public calls that genius—geniality—the gift of sympathy and insight ; and on the strength of that one gift they expected eagerly, and accepted gladly, an account of any part of English history which came from a man who could tell them about the heart of man.

* Reprinted in *The Living Age* as they appeared.

They did wisely, and were not disappointed. They expected that he would solve for them puzzles concerning persons rather than concerning things, and they found him at once attempting to explain a personage perhaps the most Titanic, perhaps the most important, certainly the most unintelligible, in the long list of English sovereigns. Henry the Eighth, to the many, had as yet been comprehensible under no law save that popular one of Goldsmith's (by which, indeed, most historical problems are to this day solved),—

"The dog, to serve his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man."

But what the dog's private ends for such a suicidal course might be, they had in vain as yet surmised. Mr. Froude had his theory, discarding for the most part the said private ends, and substituting for them public ones. The critics recalcitrated. If it had been so, would they not have said it themselves long ago ? Is it not their business to know all about everything ? The instructors of youth recalcitrated. It would unsettle the minds of the rising generation. It would require too many schoolbooks to be written over again. Beside, might it not injure the tender conscience of youth to be informed that one unworthy personage less than they had previously supposed had sat on the throne of England, and helped to build up her wealth and greatness ?

The public, obedient to its leaders, recalcitrated likewise as bidden, but read the book nevertheless ; not without a secret suspicion, by plain John Bull common sense, that if the once pious, wise, and virtuous Henry the Eighth did suddenly, in his later years, transform himself from the likeness of a Christian man into that of a horned satyr of the woods, he might have compassed his wicked pleasures most safely and easily by the same method as his porcine friend, Francis the First, and most carnal men since his time, instead of endangering his crown, his country, and (as he held) his immortal soul, by marrying wife after wife. Moreover, the public, as they read, found wake up in them something of the old English respect and love for the man who, amid whatever confusions, and even crimes, of thought, feeling, and actions, first dared to face and fight like a man the giant lie of a thousand years, and throw off, once and for all, the incubus which had weighed on England ever since Offa, in a fatal day,

sent the first Peter's penny of Rome-scot to "the old Italian man who called himself a God, upon the strength of his wonder-working hoard of rags and bones."

For the public, intensely Protestant,—as all who are not such have discovered, and will discover to the end,—saw this at least, that Mr. Froude was intensely Protestant likewise: and yet, that he justified their Protestantism to them not by one-sided and unjust fanaticism, but by fairly seeing and setting forth, from a human point of view, the faith, the struggles of conscience, the martyrdoms of the heroes of the old faith—of More, of Fisher, of the poor monks of the Charterhouse.

They found the darkest puzzles on their own side of the question explained by Mr. Froude's knowledge of the other side; and learned from him—probably for the first time—to understand the deep discontent of Edward the Sixth's reign, and the subsequent revulsion to Popery under Mary, on some human and natural explanation, beside the old one of the rage and malice of the devil and his imps.

These volumes, even more than the earlier ones, showed the advantage of having our history written by students of human nature. The delineations of Somerset and Seymour, in Vol. V., were as masterly in themselves as they were pregnant with causes for the course which affairs took during that confused reign. The delineation of Mary Tudor was, as it ought to be, even more carefully worked out, and with the most complete success. For the first time, people in general could see in that hapless queen not a monstrous fury, but a woman, whose deepest sorrows and blackest crimes sprang out of her own warped and maddened womanhood. If Mr. Froude had done no more for English history than the figure of Mary Tudor alone, he would have deserved the thanks of all who love truth.

It was no wonder, then, that Mr. Froude's seventh and eighth volumes were anxiously expected, and greedily bought up. What would he, so subtle an analyst of character, and especially of the character of women, make of the great Elizabeth? Perhaps the first feeling of the many was one of disappointment. There seems to be a feeling abroad that Mr. Froude ought to have introduced the English heroic age and its heroine

with some set flourish of trumpets (in the old Elizabethan sense of that phrase, which involved no ridiculous notion); that he should have begun with a proem, indicating both from what point England was starting, and at what goal she would arrive.

But Mr. Froude has not done this. He has confined himself strictly to his method of drawing the time by drawing its personages, their conversations, their letters; by letting the action explain itself, without any explanatory comment from a chorus. It is wisest, perhaps, to believe that Mr. Froude knows best how to tell his own story. He has spent years of thought and labor on these volumes; and he ought, in fairness, to have the benefit of Goethe's paradoxical but true rule, that our first impression of a work of high art is one of disappointment, almost of dislike. It is so different from what we should have made ourselves. Not till we have looked at it again and again do we become reconciled to its unexpected form and proportions. And though it would be too much to claim for this history the honor of a perfect work of art, it is not too much to ask that we should not judge of its value till we have read it more than once—perhaps till we have read the volumes which will follow, and have seen Mr. Froude's picture of Elizabeth and her times as a whole.

Certainly, we must not till then judge of his portrait of Elizabeth herself. Mr. Froude, in these volumes, treats of a period which has been too much slurred over by her biographers, and which is painful enough to those who (as Englishmen did once, and should once more) admire and love her in spite of all her faults. She came to the throne, as he shows, crippled on every side; crippled by debts incurred by her sister, which she was trying honorably to pay, thereby bringing on herself the odium of stinginess; crippled by her inability to trust the statesmen who had brought England to the brink of ruin during her sister's and her brother's reign; crippled by her reasonable dissatisfaction with extreme negative Protestantism, and the revolutionary and fanatical forms which it was assuming on the Continent; crippled by the knowledge that at least half her subjects were still Romanists, ready to dethrone her—some of them to murder her—and put Mary Stuart in her place; crippled by the intrigues of France and

Spain, which she had no power to resist by force of arms, and which she was compelled—or rather fancied herself compelled—to meet, after the fashion of all princes in those days, by paltry and disingenuous counter-intrigues; crippled, last of all, as Mr. Froude freely allows, by an affection for Lord Robert Dudley, which all but alienated from her the hearts of her people, and brought her at one time to the brink of ruin.

Mr. Froude has seen all these excuses for her; but it is a question whether he has brought them before his readers with sufficient prominence. He reiterates contemptuously charges of avarice against her, which may be permissible in a republican author, like Mr. Motley, but do not come so consistently from Mr. Froude, who has confessed that she was trying to pay honestly her sister's debts. Surely, there were great excuses for her shrinking from throwing good money after bad, whether into Scotland or into the Netherlands. There were great excuses for her shrinking from armed assistance to foreign powers, while she had no certainty but that her armaments and her honor would not be fooled away by incapable commanders, as they had been in the preceding reigns. There were great excuses for her vacillating in her assistance both to Scots and to Netherlanders, while neither Scots nor Netherlanders clearly knew what they wanted, and while she, of course, knew still less. She had a vast and unexampled part to play, in an age in which all that was old was rocking to its ruin, all that was new was unformed and untried. Can we wonder that she took years in learning that part—that she made more than one ugly mistake in her lesson? Let it suffice that she did learn it; that from the first, with that fine instinct for choosing great and good servants which was her safeguard in after life, she chose the noble Cecil, and not merely used, but, on the whole, obeyed him; and that, at last, she conquered, leaving England as strong and glorious as she found it weak and disgraced.

As for her falsehoods; they brought their own punishment, so swiftly and so often, that they cured themselves. She began on the wrong path, after the fashion of the then world, when every one seems to have lied over public matters. It is enough that she left that path in time to save England and herself.

Moreover, we must remember the morality of the time was low. If it had not been low, there would have been no Reformation, because none would have been needed. All true reformations, which lay hold of the hearts of the people, as this one did of the heart of England, are moral, not doctrinal, reformations. As long as the old Creed is the salt of the earth, and makes men consciously better men, they will cling to it, be it never so ragged and shaky; for, say they, and truly, the grace of God is still present in it. But when the grace of God is found to be gone out of it, so that it no longer makes men better, but rather worse, then the Creed is but too likely to go the way of "the salt which has lost its savor."

And the Roman religion had, for some time past, been making men not better men, but worse. We must face, we must conceive honestly for ourselves, the deep demoralization which had been brought on in Europe by the dogma that the Pope of Rome had the power of creating right and wrong; that not only truth and falsehood, but morality and immorality, depended on his setting his seal to a bit of parchment. From the time that indulgences were hawked about in his name, which would insure pardon for any man, "*etsi matrem Dei violavisset*," the world in general began to be of that opinion. But the mischief was older and deeper than those indulgences. It lay in the very notion of the dispensing power. A deed might be a crime, or no crime at all,—like Henry the Eighth's marriage of his brother's widow,—according to the will of the pope. If it suited the interest or caprice of the old man of Rome *not* to say the word, the doer of a certain deed would be burned alive in hell forever. If it suited him, on the other hand, to say it, the doer of the same deed would go, *sacramentis munitus*, to endless bliss. What rule of morality, what eternal law of right and wrong, could remain in the hearts of men born and bred under the shadow of so hideous a deception?

And the shadow did not pass at once when the pope's authority was thrown off. Henry VIII. evidently thought that if the pope could make right and wrong, perhaps he could do so likewise. Elizabeth seems to have fancied, at one weak moment, that the pope had the power of making her marriage with Leicester right, instead of wrong.

Moreover when the moral canon of the pope's will was gone, there was for a while no canon of morality left. The average morality of Elizabeth's reign was not so much low as capricious, self-willed, fortuitous; magnificent one day in virtue, terrible the next in vice. It was not till more than one generation had grown up and died with the Bible in their hands, that Englishmen and Germans began to understand (what Frenchmen and Italians did not understand) that they were to be judged by the everlasting laws of a God who was no respecter of persons.

So, again, of the virtue of truth. Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so.

Ever since Pope Stephen forged an epistle from St. Peter to Pepin, King of the Franks, and sent it with some filings of the saint's holy chains, that he might bribe him to invade Italy, destroy the Lombards, and confirm to him the "Patrimony of St. Peter";—ever since the first monk forged the first charter of his monastery, or dug the first heathen Anglo-Saxon out of his barrow, to make him a martyr and a worker of miracles, because his own minister did not "draw" as well as the rival minster ten miles off;—ever since this had the heap of lies been accumulating, spawning, breeding fresh lies, till men began to ask themselves whether truth was a thing worth troubling a practical man's head about and to suspect that tongues were given to men, as claws to cats and horns to bulls, simply for purposes of offence and defence.

The court of Rome had been for centuries, by the confession not merely of laymen and heretics, but of monks, bishops, canonized saints, beatified prophetesses, the falsest spot on earth, as well as the foulest. "Omnia Romæ venalia" had been a taunt not of the Reformation-time, but of five centuries' standing. The court policy of Rome had been that of Machiavel's Principe, "Divide et impera." Its example had debauched its vassal kings throughout Christendom. The courts of Europe were Italianized. The old

Teutonic "Biederkeit und Tapferkeit," the once-honored motto, "Treu und fest," had withered beneath the upas-shade of ultramontane falsehood and chicane; the Teuton, whether English, Spanish, or German, tried to make up for the loss of honesty, by clumsy efforts to outlie Italian legates and bishops, in which rivalry the Franks alone, the Luegenelder, liars from the beginning, had any tolerable success.

We must remember these things, ere we judge Elizabeth and her heroes. They were born in a demoralized time, with the vices of that time clinging thick upon them; having lost the old popish rule of right and wrong, wretched as it was, and having as yet no new Gospel rules to guide them; but they were growing more and more conscious of that new rule, of the Bible, of free thought, of the sanctity of national life; and by the lights thereof they were working their way out of the slough wherein they were born, to a higher, purer, nobler, more useful type of humanity than the world had seen for many a hundred years. Giants half awakened out of sleep, soiled with many an ugly fall, wearied and crippled in many a fearful fight, and yet victorious after all—we are not the men to judge them harshly, we who stand safe on the firm ground which their struggles won.

Of Elizabeth's attachment to Dudley, Mr. Froude has no doubt. Neither has he of the purity (in act at least) of that attachment. She asserted it at a moment when she believed herself dying; and there is not a jot of evidence in the opposite direction, save in the foul imaginations of Jesuits like Parsons, who could conceive of no love which was not after the model of Paris, Venice, and Rome. What Mr. Froude says on the miserable and scandalous Amy Robsart tragedy is worthy of most careful reading; but let the reader always keep in mind, that if Elizabeth and Dudley had been only willing (as they—at least he—seem to have been for a while) to submit themselves to the holy father at Rome, that holy father would have been both able and willing to grant Dudley a divorce from Amy Robsart, and permission to marry the queen.

Mr. Froude writes angrily and contemptuously of this affection toward Dudley; and there is cause enough for his so doing. He likes Elizabeth too well to allow her a license which he can allow to Mary Stuart. But he

should have remembered that, while Mary took that license, Elizabeth did not. Meanwhile, after Elizabeth had been so long represented as utterly cold, heartless, the slave of vanity and ambition, it ought rather to raise her, than lower her, in our eyes to find her from her youth true woman, capable—as her after life showed abundantly to those who have eyes to see—of deep and true affection.

The key to Elizabeth's strange conduct during these early years seems to be, over and above her debt and poverty, and her pardonable ignorance that her true safety lay in putting herself at the head of the reformed party, this very simple and human fact—that she was honestly and deeply in love with a man who had been the friend of her youth, and the companion of her daagers; that she felt she must not marry him, while, woman-like, she could not give up the hope. That she amused others, and perhaps herself, with plans of marrying this person and that instead; and in order to put off the evil day, and escape as long as possible the loathed necessity, vacillated and lied, till she herself, and England likewise, was half-mad with suspense. That, after all, she nobly resigned herself to the stern logic of facts; and confessed—a truly noble confession for that proud spirit—"that she would have married my Lord Robert, but her subjects would not permit her."

As for her love having been misplaced: what it is which produces in any pair of human beings, raised above the mere appetites of the animal, that mysterious attraction, is altogether so unknown and miraculous, that it is impossible for a student of human nature to say what bizzare and unexpected matches may not be made any day, among people whose characters he fancies he knows most thoroughly. Have we never seen noble women throw themselves away on knaves and fools? Have we never seen them, too, after they have found out their own mistake, justify and sanctify it to themselves by devotion the more intense as the object thereof is more unworthy? Unfathomable is the heart of woman. It is not for man, at least, to speak rudely of its weakness, when that weakness so often brings to them undeserved blessings. It is not for women, either, to speak rudely of that weakness, when—as in Queen Elizabeth's case—it has been conquered,—con-

quered, as usual, not without fearful struggles, which scar and cripple the whole character for the rest of life, but conquered still, by the simple sense of duty.

It may fairly be questioned, whether Mr. Froude has not indulged too much that subtle power with which he can unweave the tangled skein of human motives—a power which would have made him, had he chosen so to waste it, one of our very best novelists. Certainly page after page of the first of these two volumes leave on us a sense of confusion and bewilderment. We have got not into one spider's web, but into four or five at once, spun, or rather in the act of being spun, through and across each other, all competing for the possession of the one fly—while, to make confusion worse confounded, the fly fancies itself a spider likewise, and begins trying to spin its web in self-defence, with results so painful and ludicrous that Mr. Froude loses his temper a little, and has no pity for the poor fly, forgetting how hard the times were, and how great the temptation to a lone woman like Elizabeth, to try if she could not meet cunning with cunning. The complication of affairs is well likened by the Quarterly Reviewer to the famous "Niece-nephew and Beef-eater dead-lock" in the *Critic*. But Mr. Froude is not content with simply showing us the dead-lock. He takes the puzzle to pieces, bit by bit, puts it together again, suggests possible methods of re-arrangement thereof, and ultimately confuses somewhat, not himself—for he seems as much at home in plots as De Quadra or Philip—but his readers.

In that strange intrigue, for instance, which ended in Mary Queen of Scots selling herself, body but not soul, to the miserable Darnley, half out of cool-blooded policy, half out of bravado against Queen Elizabeth (who seems, in these early years, to have borne with her kindly, and advised her wisely), we find Elizabeth entreating Mary to marry Lord Robert Dudley (Leicester); on which Mr. Froude well says, p. 72:—

"Even in the person whom in her heart she desired Mary to marry, Elizabeth was giving an evidence of the sincerity of her intentions. Lord Robert Dudley was perhaps the most worthless of her subjects; but in the loving eyes of his mistress he was the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*: and she took a melancholy pride in offering her sister her choicest jewel, and in raising Dud-

ley, though she could not marry him herself, to the reversion of the English throne."

Well said of Mr. Froude; and nobly done of Queen Elizabeth: but if so, why do we find, fifteen pages afterwards, this very shrewd, but rather unsatisfactory, passage?

"It is possible that the communications from Lord Robert to the Spanish ambassador were part of a deliberate plot to lead Philip astray after a will-o'-the-wisp, to amuse him with hopes of recovering Elizabeth to the Church, while she was laughing in her sleeve at his credulity. If Lord Robert was too poor a creature to play such a part successfully, it is possible that he, too, was Elizabeth's dupe. Or again, it may have been that Elizabeth was insincere in her offer of Lord Robert to the Queen of Scots, while she was sincere in desiring the recognition of Mary Stuart's title, because she hoped that, to escape the succession of a Scottish princess, one party or other would be found in England to tolerate her marriage with the only person whom she would accept. If the queen was playing a false game, it is hard to say which hypothesis is the more probable; yet on the one hand it will be seen that Cecil, Randolph—every one who has left an opinion on record—believed that she was in earnest in desiring Mary Stuart to accept Lord Robert; whilst, on the other hand, the readiness with which the Spanish court listened to Lord Robert's overtures, proves that they at least believed that he had a real hold on Elizabeth's affections; and it is unlikely, with the clue to English state secrets which the Spanish ministers undoubtedly possessed, that they would have been deceived a second time by a mere artifice. The least subtle explanations of human things are usually the most true. Elizabeth was most likely acting in good faith when she proposed to sacrifice Dudley to the Queen of Scots. Lord Robert as probably clung to his old hopes, and was sincere—so far as he could be sincere at all—in attempting to bribe Philip to support him in obtaining his object."

No doubt, "the least subtle explanations of human things are usually the most true." And Mr. Froude had given such an explanation in page 72. But if so, *cui bono* this whole passage? It only adds—unnecessarily, surely—to that sense of bewilderment which certainly seizes the reader during the perusal of much of the first volume.

But in as far as he omits surmises, and confines himself to the facts, however complicated, has not Mr. Froude a right to say to

us critics, who earn our money by telling the world how things ought to have been done, instead of doing them ourselves, "How otherwise would you have had me draw the period, so as to give youa just notion of it? Take care that your very blame be not praise, proving that I have drawn from the life, and to the life. Call this part of my book the worst names you will; say that it is tedious—so was the time. Confused, mean, irritating—so was the time. I have tried to draw it as it was; and let it produce in the reader the same effect which it produced on the whole English people. Had I made the period interesting, I should have made it just what it was not. Had I compressed it, I should have given you the false notion that it was a short and unimportant episode in Elizabeth's reign, instead of what it was—a long suspense and confusion, which tormented people and statesmen alike into all but despair and rebellion, which endangered Elizabeth's throne, which permanently damaged her reputation, and gave a handle for Father Parsons, and the rest of the Jesuit slanders and plotters, to pour out their foul 'Leicesters, Commonwealths,' and other *vomissemens du diable*. I have been tedious and irritating? If you had lived in those days, you would have found them infinitely more tedious and irritating than I have been."

The fact is, Mr. Froude has been in the case of one who has to represent on the stage a peat-bog—a foul, quaking, bottomless morass, stretching for weary miles. And how should he have done it, save by representing it as it was? He might have made it, for scenic purposes, look very pretty—deck it over with roses and gilly-flowers, and stuck a maypole in the midst, with swains and nymphs dancing round it, on soil of questionable security. But, on the whole, the impossible is not likely to be the correct.

Or he might have, for dramatic purposes likewise, only indicated his peat-bog, after the method of Bully Bottom and Snug the joiner, and cause one to enter with a spade over his shoulder and a turf in his hand, and say—

"This turf of peat, which in my hand I hold,
Doth bog present, both naked, deep, and cold,
Where snipe and duck do breed ;"

and so forth.

After which he must say, of course, "But, sweet ladies, or fair ladies, if you think I am

truly and indeed a bog, you be too hard on me. I am no bog, but honest John Heathcropper, at your service. So you must not be afraid of falling into me ; no, nor of filing the soles of your feet through and of my bog :" etc., etc.,—a method not unknown to various writers of history, who have taken on themselves to tell the story of Mary Queen of Scots, Francis the First, and other model sovereigns, with all the naughtiness left out for special reasons.

Mr. Froude has taken the simpler (and on the whole juster) plan of sending John Heathcropper on the stage to confess that the bog is a very dangerous bog, a naughty bog, and must be crossed nevertheless ; but that he has crossed it himself, and come back with a lanthorn ; and that any lady or gentleman who chooses to step from this tummock to that tuft, and so on, may in time get across ; but that if they do slip in, he will find them a lanthorn, but cannot find them legs.

In drawing the character of Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. Froude has been more successful than he has as yet been in drawing Elizabeth. The task, indeed, is easier. The incidents of her life are so brilliant and dramatic, that, honestly told, they are enough to reveal the woman herself throughout : besides, the character is a shallower one than Elizabeth's—shallow from want of principle, though not from want of intellect or passion ; a true panther nature—beautiful and swift, crafty and cruel, with the panther's stealthy crouch, the panther's sudden spring. Mr. Froude's admirable description of her ought to abolish, once and for all, the sentimental notion of her injured innocence, which prompts even Mr. Charles Knight to talk of her trial for her life, in 1586, as "an unequal encounter" between "the most adroit statesmen of her age" and "an inexperienced woman." Inexperienced? Burleigh and his comppeers knew too well that, since she had landed in Scotland, she had had six-and-twenty years of perpetual experience in state craft and intrigue. They knew, too, that she had come into Scotland,—as John Knox saw at his first glance,—hardly needing that additional experience, so trained had she been in the ways of the craftiest court of Europe, and also—alas for her!—in the morals and language of a society which—if we are to believe Brantôme, who adored her—can hardly find a parallel now in the lowest purlieus of

St. Giles'. Be merciful to her faults, considering the simply infernal atmosphere which she breathed in her girlhood ; but talk no more of her inexperience, lest you provoke the laughter of all who know anything of the facts.

*One famous personage at least—Rizzio—comes before us in these volumes in a light quite new to the man. We must abolish henceforth (at least for our children's sake) those sentimental pictures in which the harmless minstrel lies thrumming melodiously at the feet of his mistress, who, in her turn, looks languishing into the infinite serene, as she dreams of *La Belle France* ; and substitute for them a dark and able Machiavel, crouched serpent-like at the ear of an Eve whose lowering brow, curling lip, and flashing eye show that she can not only listen to, but sympathize with, the dark hints of the tempter. Rizzio, doubtless, was a fiddler, thrummer on the lute, or other maker of pleasant noises ; but he was, over and above, a true sixteenth century Italian ; wily, unscrupulous, taking to intrigue as to his natural element. And—what is not generally known—he was at his death the most powerful man in Scotland. Within two or three years of the time when he slept, for want of better bed, on the very chest in the lodge at Holyrood on which his corpse was flung, he had become Mary's confidant, secretary, practical prime minister. He had entered into and fomented all her plots. He had caused her deadly and insane hatred toward her brother, and only wise and good counsellor, Murray. He was about to be invested with the chancellorship of which Murray had been deprived, and of the lands which were to be taken from him. He was already ruling the nobles of Scotland—he, an unknown foreigner. He was just about to be exalted above them all. The nobles, after the time-honored custom of the ancient Scots, got rid summarily of the intruder. Why not? It had been the fashion ever since the day when Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn ; indeed, since Macbeth did the same by Duncan ; or even earlier. When there is no law in a country, every man must needs be a law, if not to himself, at least to his enemies. So Rizzio was abolished ; only the stupid and brutal boy Darnley would have him torn out of the very chamber of the queen, instead of seizing him at his own lodgings. But Darnley be-

lieved,—or at least made all Scotland believe,—that Rizzio was Mary's paramour. Mr. Froude believes that he was not, on the sound ground that no one can credit a word which Darnley said on any matter. But the slander, if slander it was, did its work. It justified Rizzio's death in the eyes of the Scotch, who, years after, shouted to poor James, "Come out, thou son of Signor Davie!" and gave occasion to at least one bitter jest—that the said James was the Solomon of England in this at least, that he was the son of David.

One cannot pity Rizzio. He played for all or nothing, and lost. One might have pitied him, if he had turned to bay valiantly at last. Fox as he was, he might at least have died like the fox—dumb and game, biting as long as two limbs are left together. But he did not. The upstart who, five minutes before, had been sitting at supper with the queen, while noble Scotchmen stood in waiting behind his chair, screamed with pain like a girl, clung to his mistress, then to her bed, and was dragged out howling for mercy, to die like the false cur that he was.

"Here is his destiny," moralized an old porter, as he stood by, and saw his corpse flung on the chest in the lodge; "for on this chest was his first bed when he came to this place, and there now he lieth, a very niggard and misknown knave."

It is, in fact, the belief in Rizzio's guilt with Mary which explains the extreme brutality of the conspirators to Mary herself. Mere political jealousy of her favorite would not have vented itself in gratuitous insults to her. They believed Darnley's story, and were, in so far, his dupes. It was this, perhaps, which enabled Mary so far to thrust aside her own feelings as to pardon them, that she might the more securely wreak her vengeance on him.

Of her guilt with Bothwell, and her complicity in Darnley's murder, Mr. Froude's pages leave simply no doubt. He has made use of the famous "Casket-letters." But it is clear, from his own account, that they are no more needed to enable us to judge of her guilt than they were needed at the time. Scotland, England, and France, made up their minds at once, years before these letters were found, and we may, if needful, do the same.

As to the letters themselves, their authenticity, as is well known, has been again and

again denied of late years; so, indeed, has Mary's guilt of any kind. It has been considered right, perhaps because it was necessary, to ignore even the one broad fact, worth any dozen others, that within a few days of Darnley's death, Mary was honoring, caressing, playing garden games with the man who had indubitably murdered her husband, and, as the public were informed, abducted and dishonored her.

"But," says Mr. Froude, "the so-called certainties of history are but varying probabilities; and when witnesses no longer survive to be cross-questioned, those readers and writers who judge of the truth by their emotions can believe what they please. To assert that documents were forged, or that witnesses were tampered with, costs them no effort; they are spared the trouble of reflection by the ready-made assurance of their feelings."

"The story in the text," Mr. Froude says, in a note, "is taken from the depositions of Anderson and Pitcairn; from the deposition of Crawford in the Rolls' House; and from the celebrated Casket-letters of Mary Stuart to Bothwell." Out of these materials, Mr. Froude has constructed a story, which for clearness, pathos, and grace of style, will remain a *κτήμα ἐς ἀεί*, as one of the most perfect specimens of writing in the whole range of our literature. Of the letters, he says: "Their authenticity will be discussed in a future volume, in connection with their discovery, and with the examination of them which then took place. Meantime, I shall assume the genuineness of documents which, without turning history into a mere creation of imaginative sympathies, I do not feel at liberty to doubt. They come to us, after having passed the keenest scrutiny both in England and Scotland. The handwriting was found to resemble so exactly that of the queen, that the most accomplished expert could detect no difference. One of these letters could have been invented only by a genius equal to that of Shakespeare; and that one, once accomplished, would have been so overpoweringly sufficient for its purpose that no forger would have multiplied the chances of detection by adding the rest. The inquiry at the time appears, to me, to supersede authoritatively all later conjectures. The English Council, among whom were many friends of Mary Stuart, had the French originals before them,

while we have only translations, or translations of translations."

But even those, it seems to me, are enough. Read that one letter, of which Mr. Froude well says, "that it could have been invented only by the genius of a Shakspeare," and judge whether it could have been written by any human being save by a woman, "at that strange point where her criminal passion becomes almost virtue by its self-abandonment:"—

"I must go forward with my odious purpose. You make me dissemble so far that I abhor it. If it were not to obey you, I had rather die than do it.

* * * * *

"Have no evil opinion of me for this, for you yourself are the cause of it. For my own private revenge, I would not do it to him. Seeing, then, that to obey you, my dear love, I spare neither honor, conscience, hazard, nor greatness, I pray you take it in good part."

"Have no evil opinion of me for this." What man, villain enough to have forged letters in Mary's name, would have had also human sympathy, insight, genius enough to have forged that one sentence; to have thrown in that exquisite touch of mingled tenderness and shame; to have made Mary's highest object, not the gratification of her own pleasure, but Bothwell's good opinion; to have represented her, and not him, as the suppliant and the slave? One can imagine—because one knows the drama of those days—what sort of stuff a forger would have put into Mary's mouth,—stuff worthy of a stage Semiramis or Messalina: but instead, we find words such as no man—perhaps not even Shakspeare—could invent or imagine,—words which prove their own authenticity, by their most fantastic and unexpected, yet most simple and pathetic, adherence to human nature. Those who doubt the terrible fact of Mary's having written that letter, must know as little of the laws of internal evidence as of the tricks of the human heart.

It can be no pleasure to go into such matters,—no pleasure to believe any woman an adulteress and a murderer. But as often as the relation of Elizabeth and Mary is brought before us, so often, at least for some years to come, will it be necessary to recollect clearly what it was. The whole matter, ever since Mr. Hume wrote his history, has been overlaid with misstatements, caused, probably,

by mere sentimentality, but just as dangerous as if they had been spread about by Father Parsons and the Jesuits themselves, for the express purpose of putting into the minds of men an entirely false view of the case. The sixteenth century Jesuits, however (with some show of sense, as from their point of view), spoke of Mary as a martyr, dying in defence of the Holy Roman faith: it was reserved for modern Protestants to broach the monstrous theory that she was sacrificed to the jealousy of Elizabeth. That notion might, indeed, have something tragic and terrible about it, false as it is, if it could only be proved that the two great queens were in love with the same man at the same moment, and fought Titanically for the prize. But as the favored personage required by that hypothesis has not yet been discovered in history, it remains that Elizabeth could have been jealous merely of Mary's superior beauty—and, indeed, one has seen the case actually so put, by some wiseacre who had probably never taken the trouble to consider what a deliberate and diabolical wickedness, extending over many years, he was imputing to the English queen.

Certainly, if such people had wished to further the influence of the Romish Church over the public mind, they could have devised no method of treating history better calculated to do so, than to represent this long and internece battle between Protestantism and Popery as merely the private quarrel of two handsome and ambitious women. And, therefore, it is necessary to repeat again and again, that Mary Queen of Scots was not merely heir to the throne of England, but that she considered and declared herself the rightful queen thereof during the lifetime of Elizabeth. That she was the hope and mainstay of the Popish party, both in England and in Scotland, and the wily and unscrupulous foe of that Protestant cause which has been the strength and the glory of both countries alike. That for that very reason Elizabeth shrank from acknowledging her as her heir, because she knew (as Mr. Froude well shows) that to do so was to sign her own death-warrant; that she would have been shortly murdered by some of those fanatics, who were told by the pope and the Jesuits that her assassination was a sacred duty. That Mary, by her crimes, alienated from her, not her own subjects,—they had had too much reason to

hate her already,—but her Catholic friends in France, Spain, and England; and thus enabled Elizabeth to detain her in captivity as the only security against one who was an open conspirator, and pretender to the throne during her life; and finally, on the discovery of fresh plots against her crown, and the liberties and religion of England, which had by then become identified with the Protestant cause, to bring her to the scaffold. The justice or injustice of that sentence will, no doubt, be discussed by Mr. Froude in a future volume, as ably and fairly as he has in these volumes discussed Mary's original guilt; and if he shall give his verdict against Queen Elizabeth,—and therefore against the Lords and Commons of England, who concurred with her in the sentence,—we are bound to listen patiently to his decision. No one can come clean-handed out of such a long and fearful struggle; and the party which are in the right are but too certain, ere their work is done, to have likened themselves more than once to the party which is in the wrong.

But that Elizabeth and her party were in the right, and Mary and her party in the wrong, is to be remembered by every man who calls himself a Protestant; and any one who has observed the deep denationalization of mind now prevalent, not in the loyal, hereditary Catholics of these realms, but in

those who have lately joined, or are inclined to join, the Church of Rome; their dissatisfaction with the whole course of English history since the Conquest, and of Scotch history since the days of great John Knox, for what, thank Heaven, it is—a perpetual rebellion against ultramontane tyranny; their outspoken contempt for all feelings and institutions which are most honored by English or by Scotch,—those, I say, who have observed this, will never lose an opportunity of reminding their fellow-countrymen, and especially the young, that they must, in justice to their native land, keep unstained and clear their broad sense of right and wrong; and remember that the cause which Elizabeth (with whatever inconsistencies and weaknesses) espoused, was the cause of freedom and of truth, which has led these realms to glory; the cause which Mary (with whatever excuses of early education) espoused, was the cause of tyranny and of lies, which would have led these realms to ruin; and that after all—

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, et victa pueLLis.

What Mr. Froude will have to say on this subject, we shall wait patiently and hopefully to hear. But that he will take, in the main, the same view as has been taken in this last page, no one can doubt, who has read his already published volumes.

C. K.

FROM PIZARRO TO CONCHA.—The Spanish Chancery is a fair match for the English. We hear of games of chess bequeathed in Spain from sire to son, but the Spanish courts have just decided a lawsuit transmitted through eight generations. Two centuries and a half ago the inheritance of the conqueror of Peru fell into litigation together with that of his nearest kinsmen. The litigation has gone on till it fell to three persons to claim each one the whole of the Pizarro estates. One of these claimants is the Duchess de la Concepcion, Marchioness of Douro and wife of the famous Captain-General of Cuba, Marshal Concha; another is a grandee, the Duke of Noblejas; and the third a lady, the Marchioness of La Conquista. The courts have divided the spoils. The wife of Marshal Concha received the inheritance of Pizarro himself, the slayer of the Incas and spoiler of Peru; the Marchioness of La Conquista receives the entailed estate of Gonzales Pizarro; the Duke of Noblejas is bowed out of court, and the estate of Ferdinand Pizarro,

brother of the conqueror, goes to the charitable establishments of Madrid.

Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy from 1833 to 1847. Translated by Lady Wallace. Longmans.

We are glad to welcome these delightful and characteristic letters in their English dress (already reviewed in our columns in the original German). The translation seems to be very faithful and conscientious. A few passages here and there struck us as obscure or imperfect; but on comparing them with the original, the imperfections proved in almost every case to be in Mendelssohn himself, who appears to have been conscious of this defect, if we may judge from a letter to his father on page 76. The book is well got up, and is prefixed by a fine steel engraving from a likeness of Mendelssohn taken after death by Hensel,—a beautiful portrait, which brings the noble and somewhat careworn face before us with touching reality.—*Spectator.*

From The Watchman and Reflector.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE revolution through which the American nation is passing is not a mere local convulsion. It is a war for a principle which concerns all mankind. It is THE war for the rights of the working classes of mankind, as against the usurpation of privileged aristocracies. You can make nothing else of it. That is the reason why, like a shaft of light in the judgment-day, it has gone through all nations, dividing to the right and the left the multitudes. *For us* and our cause, all the common working classes of Europe—all that toil and sweat and are oppressed. *Against us*, all privileged classes, nobles, princes, bankers, and great manufacturers, and all who live at ease. A silent instinct, piercing to the dividing of soul and spirit, joints and marrow, has gone through the earth, and sent every soul with instinctive certainty where it belongs. The poor laborers of Birmingham and Manchester, the poor silk weavers of Lyons, to whom our conflict has been present starvation and lingering death, have stood bravely *for us*. No sophistries could blind or deceive *them*; they knew that *our* cause was *their* cause, and they have suffered their part heroically, as if fighting by our side, because they knew that our victory was to be their victory. On the other side, all aristocrats and holders of exclusive privileges have felt the instinct of opposition, and the sympathy with a struggling aristocracy, for they, too, feel that our victory will be their doom.

This great contest has visibly been held in the hands of Almighty God, and is a fulfilment of the solemn prophecies with which the Bible is sown thick as stars, that he would spare the soul of the needy, and judge the cause of the poor. It was he who chose the instrument for this work, and he chose him with a visible reference to the rights and interests of the great majority of mankind, for which he stands.

Abraham Lincoln is in the strictest sense *a man of the working classes*. All his advantages and abilities are those of a man of the working classes; all his disadvantages and disabilities are those of a man of the working classes; and his position now at the head of one of the most powerful nations of the earth, is a sign to all who live by labor that

their day is coming. Lincoln was born to the inheritance of hard work as truly as the poorest laborer's son that digs in our fields. At seven years of age he was set to work, axe in hand, to clear up a farm in a Western forest. Until he was seventeen his life was that of a simple farm laborer, with only such intervals of schooling as farm laborers get. Probably the school instruction of his whole life would not amount to more than one year. At nineteen he made a trip to New Orleans as a hired hand on a flat boat, and on his return he split the rails for a log cabin and built it, and enclosed ten acres of land with a rail fence of his own handiwork. The next year he hired himself for twelve dollars a month to build a flat boat and take her to New Orleans; and any one who knows what the life of a Mississippi boatman was in those days, must know that it involved every kind of labor. In 1832, in the Black Hawk Indian War, the hardy boatman volunteered to fight for his country, and was unanimously elected a captain, and served with honor for a season in frontier military life. After this, while serving as a postmaster, he began his law studies, borrowing the law books he was too poor to buy, and studying by the light of his evening fire. He acquired a name in the country about as a man of resources and shrewdness; he was one that people looked to for counsel in exigencies, and to whom they were ready to depute almost any enterprise which needed skill and energy. The surveyor of Sangamon County being driven with work, came to him to take the survey of a tract off from his hands. True, he had never studied surveying—but what of that? He accepted the “job,” procured a chain, a treatise on surveying, and *did the work*. Do we not see in this a parable of the wider wilderness which in later years he has undertaken to survey and fit for human habitation *without chart or surveyor’s chain*?

In 1836 our backwoodsman, flat-boat hand, captain, surveyor, obtained a license to practice law, and, as might be expected, rose rapidly.

His honesty, shrewdness, energy, and keen practical insight into men and things soon made him the most influential man in his State. He became the reputed leader of the Whig party, and canvassed the State as stump speaker in time of Henry Clay, and in 1846 was elected representative to Congress.

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Here he met the grinding of the great question of the day—the upper and nether mill-stone of slavery and freedom revolving against each other. Lincoln's whole nature inclined him to be a harmonizer of conflicting parties rather than a committed combatant on either side. He was firmly and from principle an enemy to slavery—but the ground he occupied in Congress was in some respects a middle one between the advance guard of the anti-slavery and the spears of the fire-eaters. He voted with John Quincy Adams for the receipt of anti-slavery petitions; he voted with Giddings for a committee of inquiry into the constitutionality of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the expediency of abolishing slavery in that District; he voted for the various resolutions prohibiting slavery in the territories to be acquired from Mexico, and he voted forty-two times for the Wilmot Proviso. In Jan. 16, 1849, he offered a plan for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, by compensation from the national treasury, with the consent of a majority of the citizens. He opposed the annexation of Texas, but voted for the bill to pay the expenses of the war.

But at the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise he took the field, heart and soul, against the plot to betray our territories to slavery. It was mainly owing to his exertions that at this critical period a Republican Senator was elected from Illinois, when a Republican Senator in the trembling national scales, of the conflict was worth a thousand times his weight in gold.

Little did the Convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for President know what they were doing. Little did the honest, fatherly, patriotic man, who stood in his simplicity on the platform at Springfield, asking the prayers of his townsmen and receiving their pledges to remember him, foresee how awfully he was to need those prayers, the prayers of all this nation, and the prayers of all the working, suffering common people throughout the world. God's hand was upon him with a visible protection, saving first from the danger of assassination at Baltimore and bringing him safely to our national capital. Then the world has seen and wondered at the greatest sign and marvel of our day, to wit; a plain working man of the people, with no more culture, instruction, or education than any such working man may obtain

for himself, called on to conduct the passage of a great people through a crisis involving the destinies of the whole world. The eyes of princes, nobles, aristocrats, of dukes, earls, scholars, statesmen, warriors, all turned on the plain backwoodsman, with his simple sense, his imperturbable simplicity, his determined self-reliance, his impracticable and incorruptible honesty, as he sat amid the war of conflicting elements, with unpretending steadiness, striving to guide the national ship through a channel at whose perils the world's oldest statesmen stood aghast. The brilliant courts of Europe levelled their opera-glasses at the phenomenon. Fair ladies saw that he had horny hands and disdained white gloves. Dapper diplomatists were shocked at his system of etiquette; but old statesmen, who knew the terrors of that passage, were wiser than court ladies and dandy diplomatists, and watched him with a fearful curiosity, simply asking, "Will that awkward old backwoodsman really get that ship through? If he does, it will be time for us to look about us."

Sooth to say, our own politicians were somewhat shocked with his state-papers at first. Why not let us make them a little more conventional, and file them to a classical pattern? "No," was his reply, "I shall write them myself. *The people will understand them.*" "But this or that form of expression is not elegant, not classical." "*The people will understand it,*" has been his invariable reply. And whatever may be said of his state-papers, as compared with the classic standards, it has been a fact that they have always been wonderfully well understood by the people, and that since the time of Washington, the state-papers of no President have more controlled the popular mind. And one reason for this is, that they have been informal and undiplomatic. They have more resembled a father's talks to his children than a state-paper. And they have had that relish and smack of the soil, that appeal to the simple human heart and head, which is a greater power in writing than the most artful devices of rhetoric. Lincoln might well say with the apostle, "But though I be rude in speech yet not in knowledge, but we have been thoroughly made manifest among you in all things." His rejection of what is called fine writing was as deliberate as St. Paul's, and for the same reason—because he felt that

he was speaking on a subject which must be made clear to the lowest intellect, though it should fail to captivate the highest. But we say of Lincoln's writing, that for all true, manly purposes of writing, there are passages in his state-papers that could not be better put; they are absolutely perfect. They are brief, condensed, intense, and with a power of insight and expression which make them worthy to be inscribed in letters of gold. Such are some passages of the celebrated Springfield letter, especially that masterly one where he compares the conduct of the patriotic and loyal blacks with that of the treacherous and disloyal whites. No one can read this letter without feeling the influence of a mind both strong and generous.

Lincoln is a strong man, but his strength is of a peculiar kind; it is not aggressive so much as passive, and among passive things, it is like the strength not so much of a stone buttress as of a wire cable. It is strength swaying to every influence, yielding on this side and on that to popular needs, yet tenaciously and inflexibly bound to carry its great end; and probably by no other kind of strength could our national ship have been drawn safely thus far during the tossings and tempests which beset her way.

Surrounded by all sorts of conflicting claims, by traitors, by half-hearted, timid men, by Border States men, and Free States men, by radical Abolitionists and Conservatives, he has listened to all, weighed the words of all, waited, observed, yielded now here and now there, but in the main kept one inflexible, honest purpose, and drawn the national ship through.

In times of our trouble Abraham Lincoln has had his turn of being the best abused man of our nation. Like Moses leading his Israel through the wilderness, he has seen the day when every man seemed ready to stone him, and yet, with simple, wiry, steady perseverance, he has held on, conscious of honest intentions, and looking to God for help. All the nation have felt, in the increasing solemnity of his proclamations and papers, how deep an education was being wrought in his mind by this simple faith in God, the ruler of nations, and this humble willingness to learn the awful lessons of his providence.

We do not mean to give the impression that Lincoln is a religious man in the sense in which that term is popularly applied.

We believe he has never made any such profession, but we see evidence that in passing through this dreadful national crisis he has been forced by the very anguish of the struggle to look upward, where any rational creature must look for support. No man in this agony has suffered more and deeper, albeit with a dry, weary, patient pain, than seemed to some like insensibility. "Which-ever way it ends," he said to the writer, "I have the impression that I sha'n't last long after it's over." After the dreadful repulse of Fredericksburg, his heavy eyes and worn and weary air told how our reverses wore upon him, and yet there was a never-failing fund of patience at bottom that sometimes broke to the surface in some droll, quaint saying, or story, that forced a laugh even from himself.

There have been times with many, of impetuous impatience, when our national ship seemed to lie water-logged and we have called aloud for a deliverer of another fashion,—a brilliant general, a dashing, fearless statesman, a man who could dare and do, who would stake all on a die, and win or lose by a brilliant *coup de main*. It may comfort our minds that since He who ruleth in the armies of nations set no such man to this work, that perhaps He saw in the man whom He did send some peculiar fitness and aptitudes thereto.

Slow and careful in coming to resolutions, willing to talk with every person who has anything to show on any side of a disputed subject, long in weighing and pondering, attached to constitutional limits and time-honored landmarks, Lincoln certainly was the safest leader a nation could have at a time when the *habeas corpus* must be suspended, and all the constitutional and minor rights of citizens be thrown into the hands of their military leader. A reckless, bold, theorizing, dashing man of genius might have wrecked our Constitution and ended us in a splendid military despotism.

Among the many accusations which in hours of ill-luck have been thrown out upon Lincoln, it is remarkable that he has never been called self-seeking, or selfish. When we were troubled and sat in darkness, and looked doubtfully towards the presidential chair, it was never that we doubted the good-will of our pilot—only the clearness of his eyesight. But Almighty God has granted to him that clearness of vision which he gives to the true-hearted, and enabled him to set his honest foot in that promised land of freedom which is to be the patrimony of all men, black and white—and from henceforth nations shall rise up to call him blessed.

From The Reader.

THACKERAY.

NINE mornings ago the noble Thackeray, for whom we had all anticipated a longer life of continued activity and honor than the fifty-two years he had then attained, was found dead in his bed; and for three days already his body has been resting in its grave at Kensal Green. London, and all Great Britain, and all that portion of the earth that is reached by our English tongue, are so much poorer at this beginning of a new year than they thought to be as the old year was drawing to its close. It will be told hereafter how Thackeray lived almost to the end of the year 1863, and how, just as men began to write 1864, he was missed from the midst of them.

London will miss him. When we image to ourselves what London is and what has been its history, it is astonishing how much of what is fondest in our representations consists of recollections of the successive clusters of eminent men, and especially of eminent men of letters, that have there passed their lives. As far back as the days of Chaucer and Gower the tradition begins; it is but faintly kept up from that period till it bursts forth afresh in the glorious London of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and all the Elizabethans; since which time what is London, in the popular notion of its history, but that ever-growing, ever-roaring city in the midst of which company after company of the natural successors of those poetic and dramatic Elizabethans have found their habitations and inducements, their hard or easy livelihoods, and their noted or unnoted graves? To the Elizabethans succeeded the Wits of the Restoration, apart from whom, in an obscure outskirt, sat Milton, old and blind; to these the Wits of Queen Anne's reign; and to these the Georgians, elder, middle, and later, to the verge of our own times. In each generation, of course, there have been men of literary celebrity, not congregated in London, but distributed over the rest of the land, whether in other cities or in country-neighberhoods; and sometimes the centre of greatest intellectual power has certainly not been in the metropolis. But, in the main, the greatest quantity of British literary talent, at any one time, has always, for natural reasons, been aggregated in London; and the conspicuous literary cluster of any one time has consisted of men and women whom their contempo-

ries could recognize as Londoners. In our own age, more expressly than in most others, this has been the case. If we reckon this age from the beginning of our present sovereign's reign in 1837, and if, adopting a collective name that has been proposed, we call the British authors of these last twenty-six years "the Victorians," then a more than usual proportion of these Victorians have belonged, or are still belonging, to London. It is a cluster to be proud of—a cluster that will shine in our literary history, even when the lustre of the preceding Georgian era of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and that of the earlier era of Queen Anne's Wits, are still remembered in the comparison. Who shall venture to draw up now a complete list of these eminent Victorians—including alike the historians, the poets, the novelists, the moralists, and the philosophers whom future times are likely to take account of under that designation? Or who so bold as, out of the forty or fifty of all orders that might compose such a list of the indubitably eminent, to select five or six, and aver, "These are they that will be looked back upon as the *pre-eminent* of our era, as the Victorian stars of the greatest magnitude"? We are in the noise and dust of the present; the most blatant and sociable have it their own way for a season; and, in the fall and click of a thousand hammers, few can tell who is working in pinchbeck, and who is beating and shaping the finest gold. Time will find out; or, if even Time should not trouble itself to do so, what does it matter? One of our Victorians, however, we can all at this moment speak of with certainty as sure to rank among the pre-eminent of that designation, however strict may be the posthumous criticism. We have laid him this week in the cemetery of Kensal Green.

Exclude our purely scientific men, exclude our artists, and think only of our men of letters since Queen Victoria came to the throne, and whatever common measure of intellectual power or of influence may then be applied to the forty or fifty of all orders who may be reckoned up as eminent Victorians under that designation, Thackeray will figure as indubitably one of the chief. As one of our contemporaries has already remarked, Thackeray was characteristically a Victorian—pre-eminently a writer whom our era can claim as, both chronologically and by the cast of his genius, belonging to itself.

And he was, distinctly, throughout his literary life, one of the London cluster of our Victorians. Born in India, but educated here, first at that Charterhouse School of which he delighted to make mention, and then at Cambridge, he had destined himself, in so far as for any profession at all, for that of Art; and it was not till after he had travelled about and seen much of the world in his youth that circumstances placed the pen in his hand and fixed him in his true position as a London man of letters. It was precisely in the first years of Queen Victoria's reign that Thackeray became a writer for London newspapers and periodicals; and the twenty-six years of this reign that have now elapsed exactly measure the duration of Thackeray's literary career. For at least ten years of this time he was a Londoner simply—unknown beyond the limits of the Fleet-Street and Pall-Mall world, though there were discerning friends there who marked his great powers, and prophesied their wider recognition; and it is only since about 1847, that, with the full cognizance of the Three Kingdoms, Thackeray, still moving among Londoners, has been looked at by them as one of those pre-eminent five or six of their number whom History will remember as among the most illustrious of Queen Victoria's subjects. How nobly by his very presence he sustained this high honor! Who that has seen Thackeray can ever lose the image of that tall great figure, beside which even tall men in a room seemed lessened, or of that broad and massive head, prematurely gray? As there was no man better known in the society of London or more constantly in the midst of it, so there was no man in it that all in all gave one an impression of greater dignity, or strength, or wit, or weight. Not abundant in speech, but frank, choice, decisive, indignant where there was need, and sometimes daringly trenchant and contemptuous, he had a tongue that well served, for those who knew his ways, his powerful and original brain. And now no more will that peculiar voice be heard, and that large figure seen among the Londoners. No more, when a London social gathering is to take place, will it be announced, as something worth knowing, that Thackeray is to be there; no more on going to such a gathering, will Thackeray's unexpected presence make the occasion more memorable. One of

the great stars of our Victorian cluster has vanished from the London sky.

What the loss is to the land at large and to the British literature of our epoch who can at present tell? No more, in periodicals, or in books, shall we expect new issues of that charming, graceful, exact, and transparent English, which we recognized at the first opening of the pages, and the fountain of which we would have kept forever flowing, if only that we might be kept in mind of the possibility of the classic use of our tongue in an age of slip-slop and scores of competing mannerisms. No more, over new pages of this imitable English, shall we follow the humors, the whimsies, the characteristic trains of reflection of that brave, original, knowing, and finely cultured mind—here provoked to laughter by the wildest farce, there touched in our finer nerves by some sudden stroke of the pensive or the sad, anon almost alarmed at the savageness of the satire, or made to wince at feeling ourselves seen through and our deceptions detected. No more among the pleasures of our more cultured British homes will be that of reading new stories by Thackeray. The round of his creations is complete, and to that wondrous company of imaginary beings, of such marked characters and physiognomies, that sprang from his teeming fancy within the last quarter of a century, and have taken their already familiar places in the vast population of our British world of fiction, no more will now be added. We must go back now, so far as we would have this pleasure from him renewed, upon the novels and miscellanies which he has left us. No more will our critics be able to spin their old disquisition on the points of contrast between the living Dickens and the living Thackeray. Dickens, let us be thankful, still survives among us in the full practice of that rich and marvellous genius in prose-fiction which had won him his national fame before Thackeray's rival powers had been heard of, and the unabated force of which, even after Thackeray's so-called rivalry with him was established, Thackeray was one of the most eager to assert and to admire. But, though this habit of talking of the two as rivals has been carried too far,—although the two were not so much rivals as contemporaneous examples of distinct styles of literary art, the existence of

both of which in any one time is always to be looked for and always to be desired,—yet, one cannot help feeling that, for the moment, by Thackeray's death, the desirable balance is somewhat disturbed. He, among our novelists, was the apostle and representative of Realism as opposed to Romanticism ; and it would not be difficult to make out this as one of our many reasons for regretting Thackeray's loss—that to him, more perhaps than to any other popular writer of our generation, may be traced that revival of a wholesome spirit of Realism, of a tendency to keep close to nature and fact, and to bring into fiction a surcharge of actual matter of observation, which has certainly been one of the intellectual phenomena of our time. By Thackeray's death the balance is a little disturbed, for we have no such masculine master of reality in fiction left to antagonise the tendency to excess in the fantastic. All in all, in Thackeray British Literature has lost a man the precise like of whom had never preceded him and will never again be seen. Thinking of the combination of qualities that existed in him, we may well speak of his as a genius in many respects unique in the entire range of British literary history.

There will be more private and sacred regrets for Thackeray, of which it is hardly

possible to speak here. To the peculiar kind-heartedness of the man, despite the apparent cynicism of his writings and the seeming dryness at times of his manner, there is but one testimony from all who really knew him. The anecdotes that one hears of him in this respect—how he would fold up a sovereign or two, put them inside a book, and then wrap the book up in paper and address it, so that, in case he should be out when the expected acquaintance who wanted the little help called for it, his servant might not know the exact purpose of the call, or how again he would enclose a few sovereigns in a pill-box, and leave them with a poor old lady patient who wanted that kind of medicine most, with the inscription outside “to be taken one at a time,”—these anecdotes have all a certain characteristic air of Thackeray. No more will there be these quaint and secret acts of charity by the hand of Thackeray. Many who needed his charity will miss him ; and many who needed it not will miss henceforth his generous and hospitable friendship. Nor, while his friends and the world at large feel their own loss, let those two be forgotten who grieve at the hearth in Kensington where he will no more be seen. Let the love and respect that the nation owes to Thackeray descend to Thackeray's daughters.

LATE last week Sir George Grey, at the suggestion of the judge who tried him, ordered an inquiry into the present state of Mr. G. V. Townley's mind³. The judge expressed himself, it is said, perfectly satisfied with the verdict, but doubtful whether the guilty man, though sane at the time of the murder, were sane now. The medical men appointed for this purpose have reported Mr. Townley of unsound mind, and the Home Secretary has reprieved him, and ordered him to be detained in a lunatic asylum at her majesty's pleasure. No question seems to have been raised as to the sanity of Mr. Townley when he committed the murder, but only as to the result of the suspense and imprisonment on his intellect. We suppose there is something that might be deemed inhuman by the popular instinct in executing any one whose mind cannot be supposed to grasp fully the moral cause for that execution. Is it that the popular imagination fancies some change in the personality,—thinks the lunatic, for instance, a different person from the sane man who was justly held responsible for and guilty of the murder ? Or is it that Sir George Grey only attributes this imdressing to the popular imagination ? Any way, it is curious that

the insanity, which diminishes the worth of life, should make it more sacred in the eye of the Government.—*Spectator*, 2 Jan.

THE *Times* publishes an interesting summary on the results of fish culture in France. It is there, like everything else, superintended by the State, which keeps up at Huningue, on the Swiss frontier, an enormous fish-hatching factory. The expense of this place is about £2,000 a year, the outturn in 1861–62 was some seventeen millions of eggs, chiefly of the large fleshy fishes, of which about thirty-four per cent were lost. So successful is the process that, although the establishment has been barely twelve years in full work, the fisheries of France have been restocked, and the rivers are “leaping with fish.” Could not the experiment be repeated in England by any one of the great proprietors ? The Duke of Northumberland is spending thousands on most creditable efforts to rear the cocoanut, the mangosteen, and other tropical fruits ; but £2,000 a year expended on an English Huningue would yield an important addition to the food of the entire people.—*Spectator*, 2 Jan.

HYMN.

Written for the opening of a new house of worship
(T. S. King's) in San Francisco.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMIDST these glorious works of thine,
The solemn minarets of the pine,
And awful Shasta's icy shrine,—

Where swell thy hymns of wave and gale,
And organ thunders never fail
Behind the cataract's misty veil,

Our puny walls to thee we raise,
Our poor reed-music sounds thy praise,—
Forgive, O Lord ! our childish ways !

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,
We urge thee not with selfish prayers,
Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before thee in an evil day
Our country's bleeding heart we lay.
We dare not ask thy hand to stay;

But through the war-cloud pray to thee
For Union, but a Union free,
And peace that comes of purity.

That thou wilt bare thine arm to save,
And, smiling through this Red-Sea wave,
Make broad a pathway for the slave !

For us, confessing all our needs,
We trust no rites nor words nor deeds,
Nor yet the broken staff of creeds.

Assured alone that thou art good
To each as to the multitude,
Eternal Love and Fatherhood !

Weak, sinful, blind, to thee we kneel,
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel
Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these western gates of even,
We wait to see with thy forgiven
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven !

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall holier altars rise to thee,—
Thy Church our wide humanity !

White flowers of Love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of Peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time !

A sweeter song shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word.

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One hope, one faith, one love restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore !

—Independent.

FROM A MUSICAL SUFFERER.

Do enlighten me,—is it from weakness or choice
Comes this villainous tremolo habit of singing,—
This new “wiggle”—as somebody terms it—of voice,
Which these lyrical songsters are constantly bringing?

If I go to the opera,—big burly throats
Of the amorous tenors and chivalrous basses,
That appear as if formed for sustainment of notes,
And the even prolongation of all vocal grace,—

Their heroics declaim in a quivering way,
That all vocal propriety clearly outrages,
And in shaky cadenzas their passions convey,
To remind one ofague in all its bad stages.

And obese prima-donnas—whose figures suggest
An addiction to lager, if not a style *largo*,
With their arias wavy with vocal unrest,
On legitimate pleasure lay hopeless embargo.

Cavatinas are corkscrewed, and *recitatif*
Is a weak undulation of vocal delivery,
Nor does sonorous unison bring its relief,
But is tipsy in tone, and in climaxes quivery.

If at church I attend—where some petted quartette
Of their florid accomplishment give exhibition,
In the place of devotional method—I get
The same tremolo, only in cheapened edition.

I had thought that the concert-room nuisance
had reached
Its extent in the ignorant chatter and giggle,—
But let ballad be sung or bravura be screeched;
There's a trial yet worse—the inveterate “wiggle.”

The great organ is played,—I am there,—for at length
Is the fortunate time to hear harmonies semi-blant
To the instrument's massiveness, finish and strength;
The performer commences—and out comes the “Tremblant.”

It would seem that all vocalization, before
It were fit to the auditor's ear to be taking,
Must, like physic, observing medicinal law,
Undergo the anterior process of shaking.

“Wiggle” on then, ye singers, both lyric and local,—
Fashion tolerates, so I submit without blinking;
But, as strange as it seems, such performances vocal
Are, in popular phrase, “no great shakes,”
to my thinking.

—Transcript.